The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

The fact of the matter is, that, though Prohibition may be in some respects, as Mr. Lloyd George has suggested, an uncompleted experiment, it is an experiment about which the great mass of the American public is very determined. (*Congregationalist.*)

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Mr. Beveridge brings up against the world court the good old complaint that we are too much governed. Of course in the stressful matter which his name suggests many will think that Senator Beveridge is right. But where else are we unduly limited? Do not our automobiles kill their thousands and their tens of thousands right out in the open, with no one effectively to say them nay? Are not our thugs and murderers the most unrestricted, the deadliest in their daily output, in the world? Do not typhoid and other preventable diseases daily advertise the right of the citizen to do as he wants to not only with his own health but with other people's? In what other country are the streets littered so deep in literature or the signboards so unrestricted in their shrieks of ugliness? Is not America the home of the human bonfire, the hard-boiled white slave camp, the lynching bee? What liberty does Senator Beveridge want that the free-born American does not possess? (*Joseph Lee, in Boston Herald.*)

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There is just one way for the South to prove that a Federal anti-lynching bill is unnecessary—that is to stop lynching. (*The Nation.*)

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Certain entertaining aspects are constantly presenting themselves in the midst of even the most serious public affairs. It is a matter for laughter mingled with scorn to discover, after the wild and raucous protests against forbidding foreign vessels to bring liquor into the American ports even under seal, that an English court recently fined the German ship Cleopatra merely for having on board certain bottles of rum which were not designed to be unloaded in England but were merely in transit to Antwerp. England does not prohibit the importation of rum, but she prohibits the importation of rum in bottles, and the presence of this illegal rum in the hold of a German vessel in an English port subjected the vessel to a fine. It will go a little hard to show that we may not as properly exercise some measure of control over the beverages which British vessels bring into American ports. (*Christian Century.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE NEW SENSITIVENESS OF NATIONS

THERE are a few gleams of light in a dark international situation. One is the sensitiveness of nations to charges about which once they were indifferent.

Whatever we may think of the politicians and generals in the saddle in France, they are curiously sensitive to the charge of militarism. "Our pacific intentions" are words used over and over again by the French Prime Minister, M. Poincare, the man more than all others responsible for the chaos of the Ruhr. Nothing can bring the wild cheers from a French audience like a eulogy of "La France" "suffering for humanity," "toiling for the peace of the world," "seeking absolute justice between man and man."

In the same way England is sensitive to the charge that she wants "to seize everything for herself," and points to her steady effort to build up "a family of self-governing nations."

The Germans are sensitive under the charge that because they are unable to do the impossible in reparations they want to avoid what is just.

Even the United States of America is sensitive to the charge that we have deserted the rest of the world, that we are willing to leave them in their agony, that we are intent only on our own prosperity.

Such sensitiveness is creditable to us all. It shows a development of a national conscience and a decent regard for the general opinion of mankind.

It may lead to such measures that the different nations may be lifted far above suspicion of wrong, become so right—so sure they are right, so known by men generally to be right—that they need not protest their virtue or even care what others say. The man who is sure is not sensitive.

* *

PAPINI, THE PESSIMIST

PAPINI fires on civilization," says a *New York Times* reviewer in discussing his "Dictionary of a Savage." He protests against the modern world "which has been in a state of decay upward of five centuries; against the humanistic revolution that reinstated the sway of paganism; against the Protestant revolution that shattered Christianity, substituting the anarchy of free investigation for the sacred authority of Rome; against the industrial revolution that brutalized the world; . . . against the philosophic revolution that furthered the spread of doubt by placing reason before faith; against democracy that curtailed liberty and introduced the domination of the brutal incompetent masses; against the communistic revolution which, under the guise of alleviating economic equality, brought still greater injustices in its train; and against all the barbaric innovations that delight the present day imbecile, the bar, the cinema, the phonograph, the elevator, the telephone, the automobile, the motorcycle, the sidecar, the airplane, the cult of speed, and obscene ways of seeking pleasure."

Papini's hand is against every man but every man's hand is not against Papini.

In judgment we have to give him a percentage of not more than 1 1-2, but in literary skill about 95 1-2. In knowledge of history he does not get a passing mark, but he stands almost at the head of the class in pointing out weaknesses and evils of the day.

In this dictionary we turn to the word "Bless," which Papini defines as follows: "Bless. What? Impossible to bless anything, for, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of the priests themselves, this world is nothing more than the ante-chamber of hell."

For pointing out all that we don't believe, for arousing us to stronger support of what we do believe, for replenishing our vocabularies, for sharpening our weapons, for amusing us and at times stimulating us, Papini is admirable.

* *

IMPROVING INDUSTRY

A BRIEF survey of the industrial history of the United States reveals many interesting facts. The story of the rise of industry and the development of big business is not only fascinating but profitable reading for ministers as well as layman.

One of the facts which impresses us is the truth that, because our industrial life has progressed so rapidly, many abuses and evils have been permitted which in a slower growth might have been guarded against. One looks upon the labor problems in a different light when he realizes, as Burton I. Hendrick says in "The Age of Big Business" in "The Chronicles

of America Series," that "the industrial story of the United States in the last fifty years is the story of the most amazing economic transformation that the world has ever known; a change which is fitly typified in the evolution of the independent oil-driller of Western Pennsylvania into the Standard Oil Company and of the ancient open-air forge on the banks of the Allegheny into the United States Steel Corporation." That our industrial growth has been amazingly rapid is evident when we compare present-day tendencies with those of days long since agone. Mayo in his life of John Wentworth, the last of the Royal Governors of New Hampshire, says, "in 1767 as soon as a shoemaker, a joiner, or a silversmith in New Hampshire saved enough money to buy a little tract of land and build a hut in the wilderness, he laid down his tools and led the virile life of a backwoodsman." To-day, however, it is just the other way around. As soon as a young farmer secures enough money to buy a ticket to the city, he lays aside his farming implements and leads the intense life of a city dweller.

As a result of such a change many evils have crept into our industrial life, the outstanding of which has been the tendency to "develop machinery and neglect men." Because of this, many serious labor problems have arisen. It is a sign of better times ahead when leaders in our industrial life endeavor to remedy this condition.

The *Railway Age Magazine* has been publishing a series of articles on the theme: "Developing Machinery and Neglecting Man." Among the statements printed therein, are these: "Ours is a civilization of machinery; and the greatest dangers that threaten it are largely due to the fact that most of its financial and industrial leaders think and act so much more intelligently about machinery than they do about men." "It is literally true that the higher officers of most large concerns think hardly at all in terms of men except when the human element becomes refractory and hinders the smooth and efficient running of the machines." "If machinery has obscured the owners' and managers' view of the employees, it has almost entirely cut off the employees' view of the owners and managers. What does the average railway employee know about the economics of the railroad business; about the efforts and sacrifices the stockholders and bondholders have made to get the money they have invested in railway securities; or about what the chairman, president and vice-presidents do to earn their so-called 'fancy' salaries?"

Approaching the subject from that angle that magazine is engaged in a campaign to solve in the railroad industry the problem of human relations.

We learn by experience. Albert J. Beveridge tells us that John Marshall's experience as a soldier in the Revolution taught him that "a glorious, vague liberty" would not insure the peace of the colonies. "Four years of fighting and suffering showed him that, without a strong and practical government, democracy can not solve its giant problems and orderly liberty can not live." Likewise, we are learning that a vague sense of prosperity is not enough to keep our industrial life secure. Stock and sales and dividends are not the only subjects to be given consideration. We must give time and attention to the human side.

With men like Arthur Nash and Champe Andrews demonstrating that the Golden Rule in industry works, with the *Railway Age* carrying on its campaign and with Roger Babson reporting his findings, there is bound to be a better time coming. Great men in a great way are improving industry.

H. H. N.

* *

SERMONS AND SERMONIZING

A FAVORITE term of contempt is "sermonizing." It stands for the tedious, the useless, and the platitudinous. It is doubtful, however, if public men realize how frequently "they point a moral or adorn a tale" at the expense of the sermonizer.

Sir John French, or Lord Ypres, as he is now known, one of the deservedly popular figures of the great war, addressed the Boy Scouts of London recently when he presented a silver cup to a Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Band. "The Boy Scout watchwords, 'Service and Usefulness,' " said he, "contain more from a moral point of view than twenty thousand sermons." Unquestionably what he thought about primarily was the utility of the Boy Scout movement and not the inutility of the sermon. But the half-unconscious reference to sermons was typical.

There is no redress for sermonizers that we know of except better performance. There has been, no doubt, enough poor preaching in the world to give point to references much more uncomplimentary.

But it seems dreadful to have an office so full of possibilities of noble service performed so badly that its badness passes into a proverb and its very name has a derived meaning entirely contemptuous which no one has to explain.

We wish that Sir John could read "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit," or some of the "Yale Lectures on Preaching," to see how great a word "sermon" can be. Doubtless he himself would be the first to acknowledge it.

Wherein we all can be comforted is in the growth of a public sentiment which is compelling preachers to live up to the higher instead of the lower traditions of their profession and to be alive to the age in which they live.

* *

Some one says that the basic facts of human nature have not changed in thousands of years. It is probable that old King Tut wanted his coffee strong and quick as he sat before the lunch counter.

* *

Salvation is still said to be free. There was no price fluctuation as a result of the world war, but the market is still inactive. Most people are waiting for a drop in the price or a bonus offering.

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Mr. Bryan is raising money for the Florida State University. He has not yet announced his unwillingness to receive contributions from any who will not deny a simian ancestry.

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The supine nail in the road may humble the proudest limousine.

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Your troubles are really not so big as they seem to you.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXVIII "Where Every Prospect Pleases"

John van Schaick, Jr.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

NOBODY on this cruise well enough to go ashore will deny the truth of the first two lines; few will admit the truth of the last two.

Ceylon emphatically has made an impression on us. A month or two earlier I would have crossed India by rail. As it is we shall make a trip of some days to see the Taj Mahal; but in this hot month of April the trip around by water from Calcutta to Bombay, stopping at Ceylon, has been delightful.

Saturday afternoon as we sailed down the east coast of Ceylon, Burbank of Worcester stood by me watching for Uduvil. "I went up to the old church at Shrewsbury, Mass.," he said, "where Miss Ruth Holland, one of our Worcester County girls, was commissioned as a missionary. Within two years she died of typhoid fever at Uduvil." We saw the lonely little places on the north and east coast and paid our silent tribute to her and hundreds like her who sleep where they fell on "the glorious field of service."

After dark we made the last turn around the island and came into the harbor of Columbo. One of the Blue Funnel liners lay there, a large Japanese ship had halted also, and a great P. & O. liner from Australia to England came in after us in the darkness. We all lay so close together behind the breakwater that seven bells, or eight bells, or whatever it was, sounded on every side, all around the harbor.

Just as I remember for no special reason whatever one particular ship which sailed out of New York Harbor and down the Narrows years ago just as the lights began to flash out along the coast, and a P. & O. liner eastbound in the Mediterranean in 1910 all ablaze with lights, and a British warship in 1915 starting out of Avonmouth at sunset swarming with English lads, it seems to me that I shall always remember this P. & O. liner leaving Ceylon at 5 p. m. yesterday—getting loose at last from scores of tenders and launches, moving slowly to the breakwater and then quickly gathering speed as she curved around and headed west and straight into the setting sun. What cargoes did she bring and take, what mails to bless and to blast, what different people, going once this way, the first and only time, or using the great liner almost as some of us use ferryboats! Into what experiences of storm and calm, sunny days and starlight nights, did she pass!

I shall not emphasize the remarks quickly overheard and repeated after the British and Australians landed—the supercilious Britisher who tried to push his way through the dense crowd at the Galle Face Hotel, made up of a part of our 800 and of their 1,500, and who spoke of "this irresponsible American mob;" the tried American who confided to a British friend, "Our ship is full of small-pox and all sorts of impossible people continually stealing from one another;" and the Irish-American who held forth loudly in a British Crown Colony and with many British around on British outrages everywhere and in general. Blame it on the hot weather, blame it on fatigue of travel, blame it on gross ignorance or bad manners or inexperience as we may—the one thing we don't do is to take it seriously. There is a world of friendship in the making and we are to help make it.

Curiously enough an American hotel-keeper on the island told one of our people that the big difference between the Australians with whom the P. & O. boat was loaded and the Americans was that "the Australians are so much more democratic than the Americans."

Never did we love our dear country, it seems, as much as now, never did the thoughts of some of us turn with more yearning toward home, than here on the other side of the world. Only this morning, for half an hour before breakfast, I talked with a delightful Columbia, Mo., gentleman on the new asparagus just coming up in his beds, the young green peas we will miss, the early catawba and the Country Gentleman corn. But with all we have and love in America we must admit that we have imperfect manners, vicious race prejudice, the snobbishness of the new rich, a caste system as well as India, and a lawlesness hardly equaled on earth, which has induced us to lawlessly hang and burn over four thousand people between 1889 and 1921, eighty-three of whom were women, and seventeen white women. With our preference for America, we know that we have much to do to make "God's country" really God's country.

No, we are not homesick, as these reflections might indicate—at least not all of us. And many of us hope to come to Ceylon again. For luxuriant, tropical vegetation it is like Java. And it is literally true that it is a spice island and over it blow the softest breezes imaginable. Mrs. van Schaick and I slept on board all three nights that we lay in the harbor. And all night such a breeze blew into our porthole that we had to cut off the fan. On the port side they did not have that breeze, but one can always sleep on deck.

Here is an island 271 1-2 miles long at its greatest length and 137 1-2 miles wide—five-sixths as large as Ireland and six-sixths an Emerald Isle. At the Galle Face Hotel in Columbo, our headquarters on shore, the surf rolled in under cocoanut palms and our amateur photographers snapped lovely views. Out at Mt. Lavinia seven miles away, where they took everybody, it was the same, but I was in no mood to trade my rolling, gleaming, foaming surf for any other surf wherever it might be.

Up in the interior of the island there are mountains going up seven and eight thousand feet. One, Adam's Peak, 7,353 feet, is the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the East. A great hollow in the high rock which crowns the summit "is said by the Brahmans to be the footstep of Siva, by the Buddhists of

Buddha, by the Mohammedans of Adam, while the Portuguese Christians were divided between the conflicting claims of St. Thomas and the eunuch of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia." What a gain it is that we have discovered that religion is not decaying because we smile good-naturedly at all such Adamic, pre-Adamic and post-Adamic claims. Obeying God, serving Christ, and loving our fellow man are, strangely enough to some of us, utterly and completely independent of any superstition which clusters around Adam's Peak or anywhere else.

Still it is great fun to see Adam's Peak and to study up all these old traditions. We had lovely views of the mountain for hours before we arrived.

Our cruise manager gave us in turn an all day excursion to Kandy, seat of the ancient kings. In big heavy railroad cars with room for everybody we traveled seventy-five miles up into the mountains, every mile getting lovelier, until we were on the top of and in the midst of the mountains with deep valleys falling away under us. And coming back after dark, before we settled back into a deep sleep to shorten the return trip, we put the lights out in our compartment and got the mountains and valleys with all the magic and mystery of starlight in the tropics.

The old Kandy kings were great brutes and I couldn't get up much sentiment for them. Still they were fierce fighters and some way commanded the fighting power of their serfs and slaves. The Portuguese broke into their mountain fastnesses in the sixteenth century and the Dutch in the eighteenth, but eventually were forced out. Even a British garrison was massacred there in 1803, but the British drove out the last and worst of these kings about 1814 and liberated the oppressed people. I am not much of an imperialist, but I admit that liberalizing and liberating influences sometimes have gone into a country under the cloak of conquest.

Buddhism of a purer type than in India is found in Ceylon. The temple at Kandy and that near Columbo, were amusing. Both were haunted by the worst people we met anywhere in Ceylon and the begging at Kandy inside and out of the temple and the heat and begging at Columbo nearly destroyed a resolution we carry with us to all such places—to remember the words we always used to print on our church calendar: "Whosoever thou art that visiteth this church, leave it not without uttering a prayer for thyself, for those who minister and those who worship here."

Nor does Buddha's tooth, said to be enshrined at Kandy, help much, especially after seeing a model of it in the Columbo museum which looks like the tusk of a man at least one hundred feet tall. Probably "the real tooth" was burned up by zealous Portuguese missionaries in 1560. It is said that they made a great ceremony of it, invited the Viceroy of India and his court and scattered the ashes on the sea. Whether real or not it is a "right eye tooth," and unquestionably has been the object of much devotion and the cause of much intrigue and adventure. It is the business of devout Buddhists to believe in it and they do.

Valuable lands around Kandy are owned by the Buddhist monastery and given out under a kind of feudal system by which different families render different kinds of service. One group tills the gardens for the monastery, another does the carpentry, and another the blacksmithing required in the temples and monastery, while still others prepare temple decorations or carry temple banners in parades. Years ago the British tried to break up this system and give the people a chance to purchase their freedom from it, but investigation showed that in the main they liked it and it was restored.

Some of our people motored all over the island. Up at Nuwara Eliya is a beautiful plain with an altitude of 6,200 feet, and this is a great sanatorium for the island.

Others tramped to high peaks or to mountain gaps and passes. At Peradeniya, three miles from Kandy, we visited the Royal Botanical Gardens with avenues of this kind of palm or that, and specimens of all the spice bushes and trees in the world. Such crushing of leaves and smelling, such picking of nutmegs, such illuminating discourses on botany by dark old men with white beards and white skirts, such picking up of fruits, and everything else not tied fast, by boys to sell to us—we never saw before.

On the trip up to Kandy from Columbo we had the most beautiful views of rice fields fringed with cocoanuts. One of my companions remarked, "I'll always have a new color now—rice green." Another who had studied her geography said: "The cocoanuts interest me the most. What the reindeer is to the Esquimaux the cocoanut palm is to these people. It gives thatch for their houses."

With the cocoanut we saw rubber and talked about Hoover's effort to encourage rubber cultivation in parts of the world adapted to it but not now engaged in it. For we are a buyer of enormous quantities of rubber and we have no foot of soil where it will grow well, and we must plan for a supply of an article as fundamental as this.

One splendid peak up to which we steadily climbed we were told was Allagalla, and another was Bible Rock, and the pass which took us behind Allagalla bore the barbarous name of Kadugannawa Pass, but there was nothing barbarous in the scene to which it led. We looked far down and far up on terraced plantations of tea and cocoa—the tea which takes the place of the coffee, once the main stay of the island and swept away as in Java by disease. And before we reached our destination we had lovely views along a little river lined with bamboos.

The prospects pleased, but were men vile? They begged, as they do all over India. It was dreadful from modern standpoints, but not quite so dreadful because it was so childlike. And while officially all tips are paid by our cruise managers, in India and Ceylon one had better forget that rule. Tipping may be immoral in America, but it is only unmoral here. It may be even a virtue out here as showing gratitude for service rendered in the only language most of us can use. Anywhere and everywhere it ought to be done with a smile.

And while I never give to beggars, and while I am sure that it fastens beggary on people in both New York and India, and while I resisted fascinating mesmerizing stumps of limbs wiggled under my nose,

I did give a generous coin to the long-legged boy who accompanied my auto in Columbo, running like a deer and singing Tipperary. I am willing to pay for all orchestras or concert singers that I encourage or employ.

The people of Ceylon, 4,494,974 in number, are mainly Sinhalese and Tamils from India. There are included two hundred thousand Moors or Mohammedans, a few Malays and a very few Veddahs, or little men who run wild in the bush and who are the aborigines of Ceylon. In addition there are ten thousand Europeans and probably double that number of half Europeans.

With the lines of the old hymn running through my mind as we left Columbo for Kandy that beautiful Sunday morning, I determined to look out and observe what "vile" men were doing. Here is a list made in one railroad journey taking one Sunday forenoon:

Washing clothes in the river and streams; carrying bundles of grass on the head; driving oxen and bullocks along the road; throwing the levers in the tower houses along the railroad; pulling rickishas; poling boats; unloading freight cars; climbing cocoanut trees; fishing; tending babies; bathing with all clothes on; ditto with all clothes off; working in the rice fields; working on the tea plantations; building a brush fence; ditto a wire fence; tending village stores and stands; running a forge; grading the railroad track; building a brick structure; plowing with bullocks; peddling cocoanuts; piling wood; driving motor cars. And with all this it seemed like Sunday.

"Lift the rock and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there am I.
This is the gospel of labor—ring it ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men that work."

I am quite willing to admit all the disease, all the cruelty, all the cupidity, all the uncleanliness, which I did not see. But here and there and everywhere we were struck by the fact that we were among a comparatively clean and a very smiling people. They seemed busy and they seemed happy, and certainly, with all the different colors they wore, the skirts of both men and women, the bare breasts, the naked limbs of some, were most picturesque. And the few clothes of the native women were worn with a modesty and a grace which compare favorably with grand opera nights in New York and Chicago. After all it is not the length of skirt, nor the cut of waist, nor the amount of skin exposed, which makes "suggestiveness." It is the human being within the garments. These gentle dark-eyed children of God had nothing vile about them that we saw.

"Positively," said one social leader of New York and Boston who was with us, "you can empty this car on the station platform and stand us all up with an equal number of native women picked by chance and they will average up better than we do in modesty of garb."

Among the native religions Buddhism, of course, is in the lead, with Hindus second, Christians third and Mohemmedans forth, and of the three hundred and fifty or three hundred and sixty thousand Christians some three hundred thousand are Catholics. St. Francis Xavier, the great apostle of the Indies and one of the greatest missionaries since apostolic days, gave a great impetus to Christian missionary work in Ceylon.

I fear, however, that most of us on this cruise know more about the mines of precious stones in Ceylon than we do about the churches. We are all going about to-day exhibiting our spoils, and innumerable dealers in Columbo are banking all kinds of rupees, dollars and pounds. There are five hundred mines on the islands—some little holes in the ground, others great mines with modern machinery. "Rich finds of a valuable ruby, sapphire, cat's eye, amethyst, alexandrite or star stone, are comparatively rare; it is only of the commoner gems, moonstones, garnets, spinels, that a steady supply can be obtained."

There is this to be said for the semi-precious stones: They are beautiful and they are genuine. Some of the white sapphires shine with the brilliancy of diamonds. Anything more beautiful than chains of moonstones or chains of zircons would be hard to imagine. And one chain I saw, most oriental of all, had on it these stones, nearly all new to me: zircons, amethysts, white sapphires, pink sapphires, yellow jargoons, chrysoberyl, rose garnet, brown jargoons, yellow topaz, white topaz, brown tourmaline, hessonite garnet or cinnamon stone, three kinds of spinels and a chlorospinel. And I was told it cost only some $22.

The Ceylon pearl fisheries likewise are well known everywhere. The pearl divers working far down in the green water exposed to death from shark or suffocation, the naked natives digging for gems under the fierce sun or fiercer overseers, the dealers fighting for trade—all have their limitations. Poor naked natives conceal rare finds in spite of everything. But we who dicker and haggle, we who don't care where or how men labor so long as we get bargains, we who lay all our plans to cheat, not the wayfarer, but our own beloved country in the customs mustn't be too hard on these natives.

Nor must it be inferred that I believe that our own people failed to give a fair price. Verily they did. I'll back the dealers on that. But I am wondering how many of us down in our hearts wanted to.

That is the next step for some of us to take. We must ask how are the cheap things we want produced? Before we sing more about "only man is vile" somewhere else, we had better consider our own opportunitities, and then search carefully our minds and hearts, and try and know our ways, and see if there be any evil in us, and walk in the way everlasting.

We are coming but we have not yet arrived.

The Arabian Sea, April 18, 1923.

* * *

Books are of pathetically little use to tell the story of nature. Few people recognize more than a dozen roadside flowers, the commonest trees and shrubs, a few kinds of birds and insects. To be able to distinguish the call notes of birds seems to most persons a miraculous gift. The few who know enough of nature to be guides for a few hours' walk have knowledge that many others deeply long for and that they would pay handsomely to get.—*Exchange.*

The Newest Nash Story

Harold Marshall

FIVE years ago bigger men in the same line of business in the same building were calling the founder of The A. Nash Tailoring Company "Crazy Nash." He was insane enough to believe that the Golden Rule ought to be applied to business, but not quite crazy enough to believe that it could possibly succeed. Brought up in a Church that teaches that daily life is to be governed by the principles of religion, Arthur Nash, when he suddenly found himself the owner of a sweat shop, believed he must apply the Golden Rule to his pay roll. To him that meant a going business—going toward bankruptcy with the hope that enough might be saved to help pay for a little farm somewhere.

Then he went out to look for the farm.

When he came back he found business coming to meet him. The touch of the Golden Rule had begun to work that golden miracle of which the worst business men dream and the best despair. *Increased wages had decreased production costs.*

The story of the next five years is the most thrilling and inspiring chapter in modern industrial history. In the fiercest competition, the Golden Rule won against the Rule of Gold. A total output of $132,000 in 1918 grew to $3,750,000 in 1922, and it is already evident that it will not be humanly possible for the present great factory to take care of the business offered it for the coming year.

This material achievement is so great that it may easily blind us to that of which it is only sign and symbol—a spiritual development that leaves those closest to it thrilled and awed. For nineteen hundred years men have been looking and longing, have been saying, "Lo, here," and "Lo, there," but the Kingdom of Heaven on earth has not come. Has it come now in a clothing factory? No man knows; but no man or woman who was in the Nash factory on the morning of July third will ever forget the great experience and, much more, the great mood of that hour.

It was the semi-annual mass meeting of the workers in which by their own vote they fix prices, wages, and hours for the ensuing half year. To those who watched the hundreds and hundreds of men and women slowly gather in the big workroom, there was an atmosphere of sunny serenity seldom seen anywhere in these fevered days in which we live. In that atmosphere it was the obvious thing to open the business meeting with a prayer for the realized presence of the Father and a deeper sense of brotherhood. Though salesmen from all parts of the country had gathered with the workers for the first time, as the vice-president called for the reports of the heads of departments there was neither formality nor restraint. The various executives and superintendents gave intimate family talks, punctured here and there with clever friendly comment from the workers themselves.

Finally the report of the president was called for, and as he climbed up on the work table that served for a platform there was a tender, reverent hush. Carefully and patiently he explained to them the operations and results of the previous half year. He went into intimate financial details, told them just what the profits had been and how derived. He reminded them that there had been a tacit understanding that a profit of one dollar per suit should be allowed the company out of which to pay dividends and make necessary increases. He told them it had not been earned under existing conditions of prices and wages and hours. If there were any listeners familiar with ordinary stockholders' meetings, they were probably thinking this prefaced a proposed raising of prices or lowering of wages or increase of hours. As a matter of fact it led up to the following statement and recommendations:

Fellow Workers:

As your co-worker and the president of this company I have three recommendations which I wish to offer for adoption or rejection at this, our semi-annual meeting.

First, I recommend that the price of our garments remain the same as it has been for the last two seasons, namely, $23.50 per suit or overcoat at retail.

Second, I recommend a change in the hours for our women workers as follows:

Whereas, we have been working five days per week, eight hours per day, making a working week of forty hours, I recommend that this be changed for the women factory workers to five days of seven hours each, making a week of thirty-five hours, the weekly wage to remain the same as it is now for forty hours except in cases where the next recommendation would increase the wages.

Third, I recommend that 50 cents per hour be made the minimum wage for regular women workers.

In submitting these recommendations I beg the privilege of making the following statement:

I have several reasons for making this first recommendation not to change the price of our suits. I read to you the other day in a called meeting a portion of a letter from a competitor urging us to raise the price of our suits. This letter showed clearly that other manufacturers are only waiting to see what we do before they decide what price they will put on their garments. This places upon us a double responsibility. In this meeting we are to consider the interest of three parties: first, the consumer; second, you workers in the factory; and third, the investors in the company.

The consumer, the first to be considered, is not here to speak for himself, but if we are going to live the Golden Rule we must live it toward him, and do by him as we would be done by if our positions were reversed. While it is true that the woolens and everything used in suits have advanced in price, I believe that we are in duty bound to protect the public which has so loyally supported us, to the limit of our ability. I, therefore, recommend that we do not raise our price.

Regarding the second recommendation, I simply want to say that it seems to me to be absurd and an insult to the Master himself to talk about building the Kingdom of Heaven on earth in church and religious meetings and then when we come to our factories and industries, take the women workers, the wives and mothers of the next generation, and set them at intensive, highly specialized work, often on machines run by electricity, for even forty hours per week, which is less than in most industries.

Since we established the forty hour week I have received a great many communications purporting to condemn it; one was a circular signed the "Housewives' Union," telling how many hours the housewife has to work, and asking why something was not done to shorten their hours. In reply I would say that perhaps something can be done, but the nonsensical fallacy of offering this as a criticism for shortening the working hours for women in a factory is readily seen when it is remembered that a very large percentage of these factory workers must go home after they have put in a day in the factory and do the tasks of the housewife.

Careful inquiry has led me to the definite conclusion that practically all the women workers in industries are really performing the duties of a wife or preparing to do so. The percentage of girls and women who enter industry as a life work and do not expect to ever have homes I believe is less than 2 per cent of the women workers. Arguments against what we are doing are based on these 2 per cent instead of the 98 per cent. It is preposterous to expect a woman in any industry to do these highly specialized jobs, working eight hours per day, and prepare herself for love, husband and family.

Regarding the third recommendation, I think no remarks are necessary. I believe that this minimum wage is required in order for a girl or woman to be decently self-supporting, and when I recommended that 50 cents per hour should be our minimum wage I want it understood that that simply means that no wage is to be less than that, and I hope they will all be much more.

During the reading there was earnest and thoughtful attention. Then came a few moments in which inquiring looks were met by answering nods. Presently it was moved and seconded that the recommendations be adopted by a rising vote. Instantly every worker, including many who were stockholders in the company and knew that this meant still smaller profits, was on his or her feet, and the chairman declared the three recommendations adopted by a unanimous vote.

To many of us it seemed as though nothing else so thrilling as this could possibly happen, but no one can anticipate what these amazing people will do. The chairman told them that, before the meeting adjourned, a representative of the New England Nash force would tell them what happened at a meeting in Boston where Mr. Nash spoke. Then followed a brief recital of how the ninety-six members of the sales force in Boston had listened to a plea for the substitution of brotherly co-operation for selfish competition in all our industrial relations, and spontaneously formed the Fellowship of the Golden Rule. He told of similar meetings held by the salesmen in Chicago and Detroit and Philadelphia. It needed no formal vote to express their approval. Workers and salesmen and stockholders and company officials and guests rose and together repeated the fellowship pledge:

"In the spirit of Jesus we unite ourselves in The Fellowship of the Golden Rule, pledging our utmost endeavor to make God's law of Brotherhood the law of our lives."

Slowly, silently, the great gathering melted away, but some there were who found it easier to understand what happened on the Day of Pentecost, when brethren were together in one place with one spirit.

Papini's Life of Christ*

SAYS Papini of himself: "I was born of poor parents in Florence on Jan. 9, 1881. I have attended few schools and have done much studying by myself with a few cheap books or at public libraries. In 1903 I founded my first periodical . . . I was married in 1907 and have two children. I own a house in the mountains near the sources of the Tiber where I spend many months of the year and where I wrote almost all of the 'Storia di Cristo.'

"I was induced to take up the gospels once more after having re-read Tolstoy and Dostoievsky and under the influence of the war. In 1917-18 I studied the history of all the races of the earth, and became convinced that the sole solution of the evil of the world is the transformation of human souls, that this can not be brought about except by means of religion, and that the most perfect and suitable is that taught by Christ. In 1919 I began upon a sudden to write my book, and in writing it I became more persuaded than ever of the truth of the Gospels and of the divinity of Christ. In 1920 Christ led me into the Church."

"The confession of a man," says the publisher, "who after years of turbulence and atheism has turned to the simple faith of Christ. Papini is the foremost man of letters in Italy; he has been hailed as a master by Bergson and was a friend and disciple of William James; he has written novels, plays, poems, essays, and has studied all systems of philosophy."

" 'He was,' says Henry James Forman. . . . 'a hater of invective, anarchist, atheist, nihilist. And now he has written a book that is already translated or being translated into a dozen languages, a book that turns its back upon all criticism or analysis, that has for its one aim and goal the calling back of the human race to the religion of love.'

"From the old, old story Papini cuts away the layers of embellishment and ceremony with which literature, theological systems, and skeptical critics have obscured the picture of Christ's life and times, and he writes with a simplicity that makes the story clear to every mind and with a burning passion which brings it home to every heart."

Here we have a talented Italian writer, a poet, a philosopher, suddenly converted to Christianity, taken into the Catholic Church, instructed by able Catholic priests, and writing under the spell of the momentous decision and the soul-stirring experience.

He writes as a devotee fanatically attached to the Gospels, to the person of Christ and to Mother Church. His fundamentals are archaic. His scholarship is limited. The destination at which he must arrive is determined in advance. But he produces page after

*Life of Christ, by Giovanni Papini. Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt Brace & Co.: New York City.

page of great beauty, of what might be called prose poems—not true from a historical standpoint, but often true from the standpoint of the poet and the seer.

As a biographer he strives so hard to exalt his great and divine subject that he misses many things which indicate the greatness of the Master. The following illustrates his standpoint:

> "Christ is in the gospels, in the apostolic traditions and in the Church. Outside of that is darkness and silence. He who accepts the four gospels must accept them wholly, entire, syllable by syllable—or else reject them from the first to the last and say 'We know nothing.' To attempt in these texts to differentiate what is sure from what is probable, what is historic from what is legendary, what is original from what has been added, the primitive from the dogmatic, is a hopeless undertaking which almost always ends in defeat, in the despair of the readers, who in the midst of this hubbub of contradictory systems, changing from one decade to another, end by understanding nothing and by letting it all drop."

Papini is right in his insistence that the world needs to be fed with the soul of Christ instead of puzzled over matters of textual criticism. But truth feeds as well as love. Nothing really true can fail to feed. And about the most untrue statement that can be made of anything is "You must take it all or none." He forgets that Christ himself insisted that we should go after the grain and not feed on the husks.

"Holding loyally," he says, "to the words of the orthodox Gospels and to the dogmas of the Catholic Church, he (Papini) has tried to represent those dogmas and those words in unusual ways."

Then he begs the reader's pardon for taking the two stories of sinning women weeping at Jesus feet and treating them as one story for artistic purposes, and says he hopes it will be easily granted, "since there is no question of dogma involved." He blunders on to a truth, thinks it a lie and apologizes for it.

As one reads one is conscious that he writes as one who has lost all faith in the world or who has accepted fully the dogma that it is "a wrecked and ruined universe."

Every little while there are sentences like these: "The balance of modern public opinion is against Christ." "There never was a time more cut off from Christianity than ours." Writing of the visit of the shepherds to the infant Jesus, he speaks of the death of hospitality and kindness in the world: "Even to-day in our mountains (where Papini lives) where one finds the last dying traces of hospitality and fraternal feeling."

He little knows that he would find those same neighborly acts and gifts upon the birth of a babe on the plains of Flanders, in the woods of Maine or in the slums of Canton, China.

A different phase of his pessimism crops out when he talks of disciples. "Fate knows no better way to punish the great for their greatness than by sending them disciples." The disciples of any great man do not understand him and vulgarize what he says. They are jealous of one another and malign and plot. They twist and turn the master's thought to make it appear that they have a thought of their own. In the most loyal there is "a seed of Judas."

> "The disciple paraphrases sentences, obscures mysteries, complicates what is clear, multiplies difficulties, comments on syllables, travesties principles, clouds evidence, magnifies non-essentials, weakens the essential, dilutes the strong wine, and retails this hodge-podge as elixir distilled and quintessent. Instead of a torch which gives light and fire, he is a smoky wick giving no light even to himself."

This is Papini and this is Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher at full speed. It is a powerful use of language. It represents a phase of truth. But it is full of pessimism, convinced of the essential rottenness and faithlessness of human nature.

Writing under this kind of an illusion, Papini does not give an accurate account of one of the most beautiful chapters in the experience of Jesus—his relation with his disciples—nor does he represent the strength of the disciples with any thing like the power with which he depicts their weaknesses.

Always he goes back to the essential evil of natural things and the natural man: "Whoever is not born to wriggle contentedly in the worm heap eating his particle of earth, he who not only has a stomach and two hands, but a soul and a heart, he whose soul is of finer temper because it has been so beaten upon, is bound to feel a horror of mankind. For hard, arid natures this horror changes into repugnance and hate, for others, richer and more generous, it turns to pity and love."

And with the same pessimism he reads history. Describing the history as he conceives it to be recorded in Genesis he says:

> "For the first time brother killed brother, human blood fallen on the earth became corrupt, gave forth an exhalation of sin; the daughters of men united themselves with demons and from them were born giants, fierce hunters and slayers of men, who turned the world into a bloody hell."

Papini is powerful in depicting human sin and folly, but he is tender in his treatment of women. "Martha and Mary," "Words Written on the Sand," "The Sinner," "The Second Baptism," and "She Loved Much" are among the most beautiful and touching in the book. He rises to great heights of dramatic power in the famous scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee, where the woman who was a sinner anointed Jesus with nard.

Withering, blasting scorn could hardly go further or say more than Papini said of Simon: "The old Jew would perhaps not have felt so bitterly about prostitutes if they cost nothing." But of the woman:

> "She wept over her past life, the miserable life of her vigil. She thought of her poor flesh sullied by men. . . . She had been forced to show a smiling face to those whom she despised, to those whom she had hated. She had slept beside the thief who had stolen the money to pay her. She had kissed the lips of the murderer and the fugitive from justice. . . .
>
> "Never on a kindly summer night when the eastern sky is all a flashing splendor had she known the welcoming kiss of a husband who had chosen her, virgin among virgins, that she should be one with him till death. She was outside the community and the laws. She was cut off from her people. She was separated from them all. Women envied her and detested her; men desired her and defamed her."

The worst thing about the "wicked and ruined" theory of the world is that it destroys the incentive to labor for reform and development. Those holding it have no hope except in "a relief expedition from the skies." We can't labor with God to bring about changes needed. Only Christ at his second coming can do it. We would expect the pessimistic, ultra-orthodox Papini to give expression to this curious delusion, and so he does. He is watching for the lightning to come out of the east. He is studying the signs. In his opinion the second coming is close at hand.

It is tragic to have such a brilliant mind a victim of this queer madness. He despises the good world. He is lucky if he does not turn his back upon it and fail to co-operate with a thing so utterly hopeless. He misses the joy of our Lord.

There is something to be said for the publishers' claim "that from the old, old story Papini cuts away the layers of embellishment and ceremony with which literature, theological systems, and skeptical critics have obscured the picture of Christ's life and times."

That is, he cuts through some of it. By the freshness of his style, the vigor of his language, his unconventional approach, he gets our attention. He is like a priest who holds to all the old outgrown dogmas but who stands up with burning passion and new strange eloquent words and calls men to turn away from sin and live the Christ life.

The perpetuation of error is not unimportant, but the getting of men to love and follow Christ is of such transcendent importance that Papini seems like one of our own, though he incidentally proclaims "everlasting hell."

No proclamation of everlasting hell can do much harm in this day and age of the world, and the proclamation of a religion of love and human brotherhood is the one thing worth while to-day.

Papini's social philosophy of course is queer and immature. "Give alms," is his urgent cry. Give all that you have. "Richness is a curse like work, but a harder and a more shameful curse. He who is marked with the sign of wealth has committed perhaps unconsciously an infamous crime. . . . No one can save him. Wealth is the tumor which consumes him still alive in his corruption. . . . For him there is only one salvation, to become a poor man." Men must give and give without sparing, light-heartedly and without calculation.

Papini does not seem to have heard of Christ's doctrine of stewardship, of the hard, difficult, trying but necessary duty of administering wealth for the common good, of the danger and harm of indiscriminate giving.

"Get rid of the dangerous and damnable wealth, fling it at people," he says in substance, but he never looks around the subject to ask as to whether we are doing them a grievous wrong in our search for our own soul salvation.

He sees truly the dangers of wealth and depicts them powerfully, but does not see that true men can no more run away from the responsibilities of money than they can run away from any other responsibilities.

He exhibits a touching regard for the poor but does not emphasize enough that what they ought to have is a square deal, an equal chance under the law, instead of alms.

And his exaggeration on the subject of the evil and danger of money knows no bounds. It defeats its own purpose.

> "Among the unclean things which men have manufactured to defile the earth and defile themselves, money is perhaps the most unclean. These counters of coined metal which pass and repass every day among hands still soiled with sweat or blood, worn by the rapacious fingers of thieves, of merchants, of misers; this round and viscid sputum of the mint, desired by all, sought for, stolen, envied, loved more than love and often more than life, these ugly pieces of stamped matter, which the assassin gives to the cutthroat, the userer to the hungry, the enemy to the traitor, the swindler to his partner, the simonist to the barterer in religious offices, the lustful to the woman bought and sold, these foul vehicles of evil which persuade the son to kill his father, the wife to betray her husband, the brother to defraud his brother, the wicked poor man to stab the wicked rich man, the servant to beat his master, the highwayman to despoil the traveler, this money, these material emblems of matter, are the most terrifying objects manufactured by man. . . . More contagious than the rags of a man with the pest, than the pus of an ulcer, than the filth of a sewer, it enters into every house, sullies the innocent hands of children, tempts virgins, pays the hangman," etc., etc.

Of holy and unholy vituperation, Papini is certainly a past master.

Of marriage he holds the low view that "it is a concession to human nature and to the propagation of life." Chastity is the higher way. Divorce and remarriage after divorce are sinful.

> "A hasty mating with a stolen woman was enough for the primitive, bestial man. Man rose to the higher level of marriage, to union with one woman alone. The saint rose higher yet, to voluntary chastity. But the man who has become an angel in heaven, who is all spirit and love, will have conquered the flesh even in memory."

Comment of course is superfluous.

One of the distinct services Papini renders is his delineation of the formalism of the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' day, and his accurate description of the rut into which organized religion always has a tendency to fall.

> "Jesus with his Gospel threatened directly the positions and fees of these classes. If all the prescriptions of the law were to be reduced to the practise of love there would be no more place for the scribes and doctors of the law who made their living out of their teachings. If God did not wish annual sacrifices and asked only for purity of soul and secret prayer, the priests might as well shut the doors of the sanctuary and learn a new profession. If to be loved of God you needed to transform your life, if it were not enough to wash your drinking cups and punctually pay your tithes, the doctrine and authority of the Pharisees would be reduced to nothing."

From the standpoint of sound ethics he makes a bad business of "the mammon of unrighteousness." The steward was "a thief but a shrewd thief." "If men would use for the salvation of the spirit the shrewdness

which this man used for his bodily comfort how many more would be converted to faith in the kingdom." It doesn't leave a very good taste in the mouth, but he does about as well as most people with this parable.

There are innumerable noble and beautiful passages like "The Woodworker," "Fatherhood," and "The Country," reprinted by permission in this issue, which show this great writer at his best.

Handicapped as we believe by a false philosophy, limited by dogma, a beginner in the field he has chosen, he still produces these marvelous prose poems upon the greatest theme in religion.

These and not the inhibitions explain the sale of the book. These give it a claim to our attention. Papini and Dorothy Canfield Fisher are able writers.

Papini is an interesting man. The book is a live production. It is not a biography. But it is a help toward one.

And what the author will do ten years from now, is a fascinating problem.

Tokyo Notes

Samuel Gilbert Ayres

YOUR missionaries in Tokyo are greatly heartened by the news that the Trustees of the General Convention at their May meeting passed a resolution providing the funds for the Social Building on the Blackmer Home grounds. A first draft of the plans has already been made, and now that the money is assured they will be completed and the contract let. We trust that it may be ready for use by the first of the year. We believe that this building will enable the Mission to do the very best kind of Christian social service, and will begin a new era in our history. Miss Koyama is ready and anxious to begin, and the neighborhood offers an ideal field. We are sincerely grateful to all the home friends who have made it possible for us to have this new building.

Our improvements at the Central Church are now complete, the new pews having been put in place the past week. They are a decided improvement over the small chairs which have been in use for so many years, and add considerably to the attractiveness of the auditorium. While other things are needed to make our property more serviceable and attractive, we are thankful that such a substantial start has been made. The other improvements will come if what has been done assists in the strengthening and enlarging of our work.

We have lost two of our interested friends since my last letter. Mrs. Helen Sheldon, an aunt of Mrs. Stetson, sailed for America on May 10. She will arrive in New York, *via* Panama, on June 27, going from there to her home in North Adams, Mass. Mrs. Sheldon has had an unusual opportunity to see our work, and we trust may be heard concerning it. Mrs. Ella S. Cate, widow of Dr. Cate, sailed for San Francisco on June 5. She expects to go to Woodstock, Vermont, where she will stay with her son, Weston, most of the time until her return to Japan in December. Mrs. Cate has been in Japan thirty-one years, and since Dr. Cate's death has been teaching English in the Japanese universities. She has a wide acquaintance with the type of young man whom we wish to help in our Perin-Cate House. We hope that Mrs. Cate will be given an opportunity to speak regarding this phase of our work. Both of these ladies were the recipients of many gifts before their departure, and quite a few gatherings were held in their honor.

The work at the Central Church is running along smoothly. Our little English school has an enrollment of about fifty. We ought to have more in the fall when it is not so hot, and the days are shorter. Children's Day was observed on June 3 at the church, and on the 10th at Blackmer Home. Both services were well attended.

The vacation days are fast approaching, but until the first of July all of our work will continue. Then the sessions of our English school will be discontinued, and our Sunday evening service closed. On July 2 we shall have our annual Japan Council meeting, and on July 5 Miss Kirk will sail for home *via* Europe. She will arrive in ample time for the Providence Convention, and will be thoroughly posted concerning the needs and opportunities of our work. We bespeak for her a cordial welcome, a large hearing and a generous response.

The rest of our missionary family will leave the city the first or second week in July, Miss Hathaway and Miss Kent going to Zushi, Mrs. Rowe to Karizawa, the Stetsons to Takayama, and the Ayres family, after a short trip to China, also to Takayama. All will be back and at work the second week in September. May the new year be as fruitful in results for our cause as the past one has been.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXXIV Harvest

Agricola

JULY brings us again the deep green and the golden wealth of harvest time. It is the annual throb of the great heart of nature that brings abundant life out of its inanimate fortresses.

We look with joy upon this periodic enrichment of the world. The poet sings of waving grain, roisterers of the vintage, the farmer of his crops. Each sees golden fields from the angle of his personality or his interest. Harvest brings fancies or thoughts of fat bank accounts as temperament or selfishness dictates.

To all, however, harvest means fruition. It means success, attainment. It means life for weary multitudes, sustenance for hungry populations, the end of the season's toil for sweating laborers. The

world rejoices that it may live another twelvemonth and so breaks forth into song and festival, into Bacchic processions, into the feast of the tabernacles, and solemn Thanksgivings. The hungry jaws of famine have been driven back and the age-long fight against starvation won for the millionth time as man counts the innumerable succession of the years.

Not all harvests are those of golden, waving grain, of tasselated and serried ranks of corn, or luscious fruit of tree and vine. There are harvests of the mind where the laborer is constantly gathering in the fruits of his toil, where winnowing is a never-ceasing process. The student sows study and reaps knowledge. He plants industry and lo, the harvest is faculty and power. Everything germinates in this mental process, weeds as well as flowers, tares as well as useful grains. Whatever you put into the mental soil reappears, with the certainty of the tides and the seasons.

Is it any different in ethics, in the fields that relate to conduct? Are we not constantly reaping from seed sown in youth, so that seed time and harvest are constant and inseparable companions? For life is not divided into compartments, springtime for sowing only and autumn for reaping. Just as soon as we plant the harvest begins. At fifteen we are reaping, and at sixty still sowing seed, if not for ourselves, for those who come after us.

Every year the forces of nature make a grand, general forward movement to multiply themselves. Trees and bushes are bursting with life, fields are a laboratory for the perpetual miracle of new existence, not a roadside or cranny but is found by some seed or insect and made a multitudinous home. Myriads of forms struggle for existence in the sunlight, and each disappears, in a tiny fragment of space or a few years as its life cycle determines. It is the army of life in a grand attack upon the kingdom of the non-existent.

Happy he who has a successful harvest, whether in barn, in mental storehouse, or in soul granaries. Only we must remember that the right harvests do not come of themselves. There must be plowing and subsoiling and harrowing, pruning and cultivating, if July is to bring gladness to eyes and joy to souls. Without these, weeds will swallow up our fields and the harvest will be barren and heart-breaking. If we want to gather wheat we must sow good seed. If we expect happiness and joy we must sow honesty at dawn, and unselfishness in every furrow as the golden sun of life follows its course across our sky.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

A Parable of the Sense of Proportion

I HAD journied from my home, and I returned. And Keturah met me with a smile. But I discerned the thought of her heart, and knew that she was not at peace in her mind. And I inquired, saying, What hath gone wrong?

And she said, Nothing much.

And when she saith, Nothing much, then am I always troubled.

And I said, Tell me all about it.

And she said, Thou knowest that there is a matter concerning which thou speakest unto me concerning certain of the people, and I knew that it must not be spoken of. And while thou wert away, there came unto me a woman and made inquiry, and I tried to avoid answering her questions, and I thought that I had done so. But she hath been telling abroad all that I told her, and very much more, and saying that she heard it from me.

And I said, That woman hath a long tongue which Satan hath tipped with venom; but what she saith will do no harm.

And Keturah asked of me, Dost thou really think so?

And I said, Trouble not thyself. It is not worth worrying about.

And she said, Was I indiscreet in what I told her?

And I said, Thou art the Discreetest and Most Sensible little woman on earth, but in one thing thou hast very little sense. When thou hast done thy best, and done well, thou dost seek to blame thyself, and I will not have thee abusing my little wife.

And she said, O mine husband, thou art a great comfort unto me. For this reason should every woman have an husband, that she may know the comfort of hearing him say, Do not worry; thou hast done well; it is not worth worrying about. For though there be things in which a woman hath a finer discernment than a man, yet this very thing doth disturb her sense of proportion, and when she thinketh that she hath done wrong, then hath she no measure for her own self-condemnation. But a man seemeth to have a better sense of proportion, or at least to be able to make a woman think that he hath. And it is an unspeakable comfort to hear thee say, It is a small matter, and not worth worrying about.

And I said, Keturah, thou hast a Conscience too big for its job. Considering how little thy Conscience hath to reprove thee for, it worketh overtime. As for a sense of proportion, not every man hath it, and if thou thinkest thy husband hath it, I will not tell thee that it is not so. And indeed, I believe that it is true.

The world is moderately full of folk who think that their eye is put out if they have a cinder in it, or that the sun is blotted out if there be in the sky a cloud the size of the hand of a man. And if it be that a man gaineth a sense of proportion, that is a thing worth while.

And she said, I know only this, that thou hast lifted a burden from my mind.

And I said, That is what husbands are for.

And husbands ought to be good for something.

* * *

SELECTIONS FROM PAPINI'S LIFE OF CHRIST*

Fatherhood

As a Son, Christ knew that God is Father: Father of all mankind and not only of the people of Abraham. The love of a husband is strong, but carnal and jealous. The love of a brother is often poisoned with envy; that of a son stained with rebellion; that of a friend spotted with deceit; that of a master swollen with condescending pride; only the love of a father towards his children is perfect love, pure, disinterested love. The father does for his son what he would do for no one else. His son is his creation, flesh of his flesh and of his bone, grown up by his side day by day, a completion and a complement of his own being. The old man

*Reprinted by permission from the Life of Christ, by Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.

lives again in the young man. The past sees itself in the future. He who has lived sacrifices himself for him who is to live. The father lives in the son, and feels himself exalted. This child was born to him in a moment of passion in the arms of the woman chosen from among all other women, born through the divine anguish of this woman, cared for and preserved by his own tears and sweat. He has seen him grow up at his feet, he has warmed his cold little hand between his own, he has heard his first words, eternal miracle ever new! He has seen his first wavering footsteps on the floor of his house. Little by little, he has seen a soul shine out in that body created by him, a new human soul, unique treasure beyond price! Little by little, on that face he has seen his own features and those of the child's mother, of that woman with whom only in this common fruit is he corporeally identified. A human couple who long to become one body through love, attain this unity only in a child. In the presence of this new being, his creation, he feels himself a creator, beneficent, powerful, happy. Because the son looks to his father for everything, and in his childhood has faith only in his father, feels safe only near his father, his father knows that he must live for him, suffer for him, work for him. A father is a God on earth for a son, and a son is almost a God for the father.

This idea of God as Father, which is one of the great new ideas of the gospel of Christ, this profoundly renovating idea that God is Father and loves us as a father loves his children, not as a king loves his slaves; and gives daily bread to all his children and has a loving welcome even for those who sin if only they return to lean their heads upon his breast; this idea which closes the epoch of the old covenant and marks the beginning of the new covenant, Jesus found in nature. As Son of God and one with the Father, He had always been conscious of this paternity scarcely glimpsed by the most luminous of the prophets. But now sharing all human experience He saw it reflected and as it were revealed in the universe, and He was to use the most beautiful images of the natural world to transmit to men the first of His joyful messages.

The Country

Jesus, like all great souls, loved the country. The sinner craving purification, the saint moved to prayer, the poet eager to create, take refuge on the mountains in green shadows, by the sound of the water, in the midst of fields which perfume heaven, or on steep desert hills parched by the sun. Jesus took His language from the country: He hardly ever uses learned words, abstract conceptions, drab and generalizing terms. His talk blossoms with colors, is perfumed by odors of field and of orchard, is peopled by the figures of familiar animals. He saw in His Galilee the figs swelling and ripening under the great, dark leaves, and from the trellises the white and purple clusters hanging down for the joy of the vintage; He saw from the invisible seed, the mustard raise itself up with its rich light branches, He heard in the night the mournful rustle of the reeds shaken by the wind along the ditches; He saw the seed of grain buried in the earth and its resurrection in the form of a full ear; when the air first began to be warm, He saw the beautiful red, yellow and purple lilies in the midst of the tender green of the wheat; He saw the fresh tufts of grass, luxuriant to-day and to-morrow dried and cast into the oven; He saw the peaceful animals and the harmful animals, the dove a little vain of its brilliant neck, cooing of love on the roof, the eagle swooping down with widespread wings upon its prey; the swallows of the air which like kings can not fall if it is not God's wish; the crows tearing flesh from carrion with their beaks; the loving mother-hen calling the chickens under her wings when the sky darkens and thunders; the treacherous fox, after its kill, slinking back into its dark lair; and the dogs under the table of their masters begging for scraps that fall to the ground. He saw the serpent writhing through the grass and the dark viper hiding among the scattered stones of the tombs.

Born among the shepherds, He who was to become shepherd of men knew and loved the flocks; the ewes searching for the lost lamb, the lambs bleating weakly, and sucking, almost hidden under their mother's wooly bodies, the flocks sweltering on the thin hot pastures of their hills; He loved with equal love the tiny seed which you can scarcely see on the palm of your hand and the ancient fig tree, casting its shade over the poor man's house; the birds of the air which sow not neither do they reap; the fish silvering the meshes of the nets to feed His faithful; and raising His eyes to the sultry evenings of gathering storm, He saw the lightning flashing out of the east and shattering the darkness of the night, even into the west.

* * *

WAYSIDE INN SAVED

The *New York Times* describes the purchase of the Wayside Inn by Henry Ford as follows:

"Henry Ford has bought the famous Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, and will preserve it as an historical museum.

"The furnishing and setting which have been familiar to travelers for two hundred years will be kept as long as they can be made to hold together. Hallowed by the names of Washington, Longfellow, Webster and Lafayette, the peaceful old hostelry will slumber serenely for generations to come.

"For some time the inn and its farm have been controlled by Mrs. Edward F. Lemon. The purchase by Ford includes also the 140-acre estate of William E. Bright, which adjoins it on the west.

"In the midst of a sparsely settled tract in Sudbury, back from the road, stands the Wayside Inn, a lonely landmark of Colonial days. This tavern, more than two hundred years old, with its romantic associations, was the inspiration of Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn," and as such it is better known than any other American hostelry.

"It was here that Washington, Lafayette, and later, Longfellow, were lodged. It was here that the tired troops tarried during the brief respites from battle in the French and Indian Wars. "The Wayside Inn was erected in 1700 by David Howe, who received a grant of 130 acres after having lost his fortune. For forty-eight years the proprietor prospered. Upon his death Colonel Ezekiel Howe became landlord. The Colonel hung out his signboard with the red horse, and Howe's Tavern became the Red Horse Tavern.

"In 1796, after Colonel Ezekiel had served up the wine tankards for fifty years, the inn fell to Adam Howe. He was succeeded forty years later by Lyman Howe, who died in 1860, when the old house ceased to be a tavern after a record of 160 years under four landlords.

"It was Lyman Howe who welcomed Longfellow to his inn and whom the poet described as:

" 'Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'The Squire.' "

The *New York World* editorially says:

"Henry Ford has bought the Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Mass., for $200,000. It is said that the massive hinges on a door first opened to the colonial traveler in 1656 appealed to Mr. Ford's sense of craftsmanship. On subsequent visits to the old hostel he has admired the true proportions, hearty old age and spacious furnishings of a fine New England relic. His reasons for buying the place where Washington rested and Lafayette visited appear to be those of an artist. They smack of heresy from the standardized production creed, coming from a man commonly reported to cherish no artistic sensibilities.

"At least Mr. Ford demonstrates that he is not the ordinary multi-millionaire art connoisseur. He will not dismantle the old place and set its colonial glories in a new lodge at Highland Park to regale the admiration of week-end guests. Wayside Inn is to remain in its proper historical setting and is to stand against memories of its cultural background. It is to become a museum open to that vast body of Mayflower descendants who have since bought so many Fords. Massachusetts finds Detroit coming to the rescue of tradition.

"Mr. Ford may not have known the difference between Benedict Arnold and Arnold Bennett a few years ago on the

witness-stand. He can, however, tell a hawk from a hand-saw smong the literary landmarks of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He also can be astonishingly apt in disposing of some of his wealth."

* * *

PAGE, DIPLOMAT AND MAN OF LETTERS

The reviewer of Walter Hines Page's "Life and Letters" can serve no better purpose than to encourage people to read the book. Our late Ambassador to England not only had important things to write about, but he had a charming style in which to write them. That the art of letter writing was dead was refuted by the published letters of William James and Franklin Lane, but it has remained for Mr. Page to make the most important contribution to this branch of literature that our generation is likely to see.

Page was born a Southerner, and as a little boy felt the reverberations of the Civil War. After graduation from Johns Hopkins University, he began to teach, but soon entered journalism, and later became editor of the *Forum*. While still a young man he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which he raised from the low level to which it had been reduced by too great subservience to its brilliant past. He had thus "reached the top of his profession," but he was little satisfied because he felt a lack of permanence. He became a member of the firm of Doubleday and Page, and editor of his own paper, the *World's Work*.

While he was engaged in this congenial occupation the Presidential campaign of 1912 began. He had always been keenly interested in domestic affairs, and he was an intimate and admiring friend of Mr. Wilson, to whom he gave his unstinted support. With the election of Mr. Wilson, Page became a trusted adviser, and was mentioned for two Cabinet offices. Fortunately circumstances intervened, and he was saved for the work which gave greatest scope to his peculiar talents. Soon after the new President was elected he offered Page the greatest diplomatic gift at his disposal, and Page became Ambassador to England.

From the first his letters from England are full of admiration for the country and its people. Their slowness and their blundering ways aggravated him, but he recognized and esteemed their good qualities. He was sensitive to the value of Anglo-American friendship, and believed that the two countries were to control the destinies of the world. Withal he never belittled America's importance, and took pleasure in showing Britons that the greater part of the English-speaking world was under the flag of the United States. He conducted himself as he believed it was proper for the representative of a great country to do, despite the fact that he was constantly embarrassed and humiliated by the lack of an embassy and by the crude and almost discourteous manners of our State Department.

Page admired Wilson and made sure that he was well regarded in England. In the development of the Mexican affair, Page was elated by the President's stand. His distinction between principle and policy, his insistence that the Great Powers were encouraging revolution in Mexico by recognizing the existing government regardless of its methods of seizing control, seemed to Page to mark the beginning of a new era in foreign relations. He was also delighted by the adjustment of the Panama tolls, clear evidence that the United States was not ashamed to admit its errors. Page recognized in Wilson a great moral leader for the world, and wrote of him to Colonel House, "No man has been in the White House who is so regarded since Lincoln; in fact they didn't regard Lincoln while he lived." Later Page was to become provoked at Wilson's war attitude, and Page's frankness was to offend the President, but throughout the years of Page's services each felt a high respect for the ability of the other.

With August, 1914, began the war, and Page entered a period of feverish activity which did not end until his death. Thousands of Americans had to be taken care of. The embassies in London of the Central Powers were placed in his hands. Our own diplomatic business increased in volume. Page and his associates, despite the handicaps of a State Department that was far from efficient, carried on under tremendous pressure the varied enterprises that became necessary. From the first Page felt that there was a moral issue in the conflict, that Germany represented autocracy and the Allies democracy. He did not desire the United States to enter the war, but he did feel that we should lend our support to those who were fighting for our ideals. To him it was a struggle between two types of culture. "Oh, well," he wrote, "the world has got to choose whether it will have English or German domination in Europe; that's the single big question at issue. For my part I'll risk the English and then make a fresh start ourselves to outstrip them in the spread of wellbeing." It was this point of view that Page found it very difficult to impress upon the President and his associates at Washington, who insisted on regarding the war as essentially commercial in its origin and aims. Which was right can not be determined even now, but it is pertinent to remark that by 1917 and our entrance into the war it had become a struggle "to make the world safe for democracy."

Throughout this period of stress and strain Page continued to write long and interesting letters to his friends, official and personal, in America. His clever phrases of description and characterization depicted the great figures of contemporary England. His vivid pictures of England and Englishmen in the stress of war bring back memories of the America of five and six years ago, and enable us to reconstruct the war emotions which moved us so deeply then and which we have quite forgotten now. When we are trying to devise means of preventing another war, it is not amiss to recall the psychological disturbances of the last one.

During the days of upheaval that marked the war, Page often cried out against the inefficiencies of the American Government, but he never lost his faith in democracy. He found the English with an exaggerated impression of the extent of corruption in this country, but he always defended our institutions. "The cure for democracy," he said, "is more democracy." Our very inability to move quickly he learned to regard as a virtue. "Republics have their faults, no doubt. But they have at least this virtue: that no country where the people really have the control of their government is likely to start out deliberately on any war of conquest—is not likely to run amuck—and will not regard its population as mere food for shell and powder." Even the very suaveness of European diplomats came to pall upon him. "I don't mind telling you," he wrote Mr. Frank Doubleday, "that the more I see just how the great statesmen work—the more I see of them at close range—the more I admire the methods of the Long Island farmers." Wherever he went he preached the gospel of democracy. An English friend said of him: "Your Ambassador has taught us something that we did not know before. That is that a man can be a democrat and a man of culture at the same time."

Although the situation grew more and more strained, Page growing more impatient with the President and the President more provoked at Page, our entrance into the war brought relief to the situation. The United States had fallen very low in the esteem of Englishmen, but as our resources came to the aid of the Allies and our soldiers appeared in France, all England paid tribute to our zeal and efficiency. The Ambassador became even more popular than before. His embodiment of the best American qualities combined with his admiration for the English to make him the most highly valued diplomat in London. He was invited to innumerable ceremonies, and the strain of his office became increasingly greater. He had written to one friend, "About twice a week I get to the golf links and take the risks of the world's falling part," and to another, "Well, praise God for sleep. I get from seven to nine hours a night, unbroken; and I don't take Armegeddon to bed with me." Despite this mental resiliency Page became very weak, and in August, 1918, was forced, much against his will, to resign. He returned to this country to die, after half a decade of unstinted service and unqualified achievement, leaving behind him in his letters a genuine contribution to American literature, and an invaluable record of five epoch-making years of American history.

Granville Hicks.

Home and Children

LONGING

I shall lean far out upon the golden bar of heaven
And try to hear the rain fall on a dry and thirsty land.
Heaven has pleasant gardens and great, deep rivers flowing,
But there are things the angels can never understand.

My heart still will be longing for a thin, brown valley,
And low hills, furrowed where the timid sheep go.
Over fields of asphodel and strange flowers blowing,
I will be remembering the fields I used to know.

All on a pleasant day in heaven I think I shall be longing
To smell wet dust and to hear the big drops fall,
And there will be no perfume nor any song of angels
That will ease my wishing so, or make me glad at all!

And then I will be slipping past the saints that do the singing,
To find a little door somewhere that I can hurry through,
And wander for a little on the brown road lying,
Winding like a ribbon through the valley that I knew!

Louise Driscoll.

* * *

MOTH-EATEN TREASURES

BETTY MORGAN was helping her mother clean the china closet.

"I just love this china," she said. "I wish we could use it more. Why don't we? The most frugal meal would be a feast if we ate it off these dishes; but you only get them out on state occasions."

"I am trying to keep them for you," answered her mother. "When I am gone and you have a home of your own, you will have them. Then you will be very glad that I did not use them every day and let them get broken or chipped."

"But, mother," said Betty, half laughingly, "suppose I did not live to grow up. Wouldn't you be sorry then that I had not had a chance to enjoy them? And—should I have to keep them shut up to save them for my little girl? What is the use of having things?"

"Betty is right," said Aunt Martha. "It reminds me of old Ben Hale. He started out determined to be a rich man. He scrimped and saved and slaved. He said when he had made so much—$50,000 I think it was—he would retire and enjoy life. But, deary me, when he had what he had started out for, he could not do anything but scrimp and save and slave."

"And it reminds me," laughed Mr. Morgan, coming in from the kitchen, "of John, Jr. I went over to borrow Mr. Grey's axe. Junior had a specked apple in his hand. His mother had cut out the specked places, but he was half crying. 'I just wish I could have one all good apple once. I always have to eat the specked ones.' "

Mrs. Morgan laughed. "Cousin Anna was here yesterday. She had a lovely lavender evening gown last year. It cost so much she was very choice of it. I doubt if she wore it half a dozen times all the year. Now she is invited to a wedding next week, and the dressmaker has told her it will have to be all made over to look up to date.

"I remember seeing something like this the other day: 'Some things that come to those who wait are badly moth-eaten.' I did not think much about it at the time, but I am inclined to think now that there is a good deal in it. Maybe we are all of us eating specked apples in one way or another most of the time. Anyway, from now on I will try to have you all get what pleasure you can out of your things before they get specked or moth-eaten.

"Betty, put on your best dress this afternoon, invite your belovedest chum Olive to take tea with you, and we will use the china. You do not seem to me in any immediate danger of passing away prematurely but possibly you will enjoy the china more now than you would years hence. Anyway, you can not be cheated out of the fun you have had, come what will."

"Oh, mother," said Betty, ecstatically, "you are such a dear! *Do* you think there would be any harm in my taking John, Jr., a perfectly sound apple? I should like to make some one else happy if I could."—*Kaye S. Gates, in Zion's Herald.*

* * *

INSUFFICIENT GROUNDS

The counsel who represented the woman plaintiff in a divorce case pleaded incompatibility of temper and represented the husband's character as "brutal, violent and passionate."

When the husband's counsel's opportunity came he described the lady as "spiteful, angry and waspish."

At this point the judge interrupted. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but I do not see any incompatibility of temper."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

NO JOKE BY HALF

"Hurrah! Bob and I are going to play a good joke on you April Fool's Day!" cried Billy, aged seven, dancing up and down and clapping his hands with glee before his older brother Ben.

"Tell me what it is, and I'll give you some candy," said Ben coaxingly.

"Oh, no, I can't," replied Billy. "You see, half the joke is Bob's."

"Well, I'll tell you what; you just tell me your part of the joke, and I'll give you the candy."

"I suppose I might do that."

"Yes, of course," urged Ben, offering the candy. "Hurry now before Bob gets here!"

Billy took the package.

"My part," he replied, "is to say 'April fool!"—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WELL, WHAT IS IT?

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

Smith is a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to a distant city to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply he received was a masterpiece of sarcasm, irony or something. It ran: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

July 20-29. Southern Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Aug. 2-5. Texas State Convention, New Castle.

Aug. 12-19. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

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YOUNG PEOPLE AND MISSIONS

The final figures for the missionary contributions of the Young People's Christian Union for the year ending June 30 have just been compiled and they suggest some interesting reflections.

Out of a little over one hundred and fifty local Unions in the organization, thirty-one appear on the Honor List, having contributed at least the minimum amount per member asked: $1.20 a year. Three Unions have given over three dollars per member, and seven more over two dollars. Newtonville, Mass., stands at the head with a contribution of $3.51 per capita.

Some of this money has come from people outside of the Union's membership, particularly from offerings on Young People's Day. But this amount is more than offset by personal contributions in the form of Convention pledges made to the missionary work carried on under the auspices of the Y. P. C. U. Even aside from this consideration, the money contributed represents the ability of the young people to secure funds for missionary work.

At some time in the future, along about 1940 or 1950, these young people are going to be the backbone of the Universalist Church. Their desires and opinions will sway the decisions of the General Convention sessions, for they will be the delegates there. And, more important than that, their work will determine the spirit and action of the local churches everywhere.

If four thousand young people, a large part of them in high school, and with comparatively small financial ability, give on the average over fifty-five cents each for the missionary work of our Church—in addition to the large amount which these same individuals give through the Sunday school and the church—what will they give when they are earning and receiving incomes of the same size as their fathers and mothers are now receiving? And what will then be the support given to the missionary enterprises of our Church, both in this country and abroad, which are now doing but a fraction of what they might do, because of the meagerness of our support.

Every encouragement that the Church can give to these young people in the work of their organization is an investment in the Universalist Church of to-morrow. Incidentally, it is helping them to set a challenging example to the Universalist Church of to-day.

Honor Where It Is Due

Here is the list of these local Unions that have reached the honor mark. Its length and the wide distribution of these Unions speak for the faithfulness of the entire organization, for it should be remembered that many other Unions, from Maine to California and from Canada to Georgia, have done almost as well as these. The contributions per member are as follows:

Newtonville, Mass.	$3.51
Washington, D. C.	3.13
Minneapolis, Minn., Redeemer	3.07
Danbury, Conn.	2.62
Brooklyn, N. Y., All Souls	2.44
Lawrence, Mass.	2.38
Woonsocket, R. I.	2.30
Brattleboro, Vt.	2.24
Springfield, Mass., St. Paul's	2.07
Cincinnati, O.	2.01
Somerville, Mass., First	1.87
Galesburg, Ill.	1.76
Minneapolis, Minn., Tuttle	1.75
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	1.74
Westbrook, Me.	1.65
Brooklyn, N. Y., Good Tidings	1.64
Akron, O.	1.59
Rockland, Me.	1.31
Rutland, Vt.	1.29
Livermore Falls, Me.	1.26
New Madison, O.	1.25
Mitchellville, Iowa	1.24
Potsdam, N. Y.	1.22
New Haven, Conn.	1.22
Urbana, Ill.	1.20
Brunswick, Me.	1.20
Turner, Center Me.	1.20
Lynn, Mass.	1.20
North Adams, Mass.	1.20
Palmer, Mass.	1.20
Providence, R. I.	1.20

UP THE GLORIOUS HILLS—TO GOD

A little over a week ago I was up in Vermont attending the State Convention at Woodstock. It was a good convention, but, like most conventions, the best things were not on the program. And one of the best things at Woodstock was the climb which some of us made on Saturday afternoon, between the afternoon business session and the banquet. This was the pshychological time for it, as it afforded excellent preparation for the next event on the program.

Mount Tom is right on the edge of Woodstock, so it is very conveniently situated. This is a habit with rivers, but mountains are not often so considerate. Some one who had traveled rather widely remarked one time that it was surprising to him that the largest rivers always flowed past the large cities. That is the way with Mount Tom at Woodstock.

It is an easy climb for those who like climbing, for an excellent trail has been laid out, but the kind that is easier to ascend than to descend. But on the summit one can look away for miles over the lesser hills and across the valleys, for every climb I have ever made, from Turkey Hill in Arlington to Pike's Peak, is more than worth the effort.

On such a summit one can easily understand how one of the Vermont Unioners was moved to write in the chorus of the State Song,

"There is many a long trail winding
Amid our beautiful hills,
Where a purpose strong is binding
Faithful hearts and wills;
And the many paths of duty,
Wheresoe'er they are trod,
Lead from all the winding valleys
Up the glorious hills—to God."

Stanley Manning.
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, July 9.

For the Quiet Hour

This is and must ever be the witness not only of our success in the religious life, but also of the success of Christ, that we bring forth much fruit. It is the very character of the life with Christ which as it ripens becomes a life for Christ.

Bolton Jones.

The highest security against temptation lies in the steady development of an affirmative life. The final aim in life is to be something rather than to avoid or to escape something. . . . The best form of defense lies in spiritual attack. If we walk in the grip of some splendid, far-reaching purpose, we shall put down temptation under our feet. We are in the conqueror's path if we walk in the Spirit; we shall then walk secure from attack.

Charles R. Brown.

It accords with the general conduct of God to impart His favors with a kind of profusion which to the mind of man that sees only one or two ends to be answered by them, has the appearance of waste! But when all things are brought to their intended issue it will be found that God has done nothing in vain.

Andrew Fuller.

Behind our life the Weaver stands
And works His wondrous will
We leave it all in His wise hands
And trust His perfect skill.

Should mystery enshroud His plan
And our short sight be dim,
We will not try the whole to scan
But leave each thread with Him.

Author Unknown.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

THE CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE REOPENS

"I lived the old days all over again. Every house is as plain to my mental view as the best drawn picture before my eyes. The spot dearest to me there, the most like home, is the old house where my youth was passed, where I played, and romped, and studied, and, as I thought, worked. Poor child!

"It has many times come to me to go and buy that house and hold it just for old memory's sake, but I could not spare myself to go and live in it and I knew of no one else who wanted to. It was all sentiment, which I have many times repressed with better judgment."

So wrote Clara Barton of her girlhood days to an old-time friend, and her thought has been realized by the act of her sisters in the faith in maintaining this first house of the world's greatest woman as a national shrine. Her faith, yes, *her* faith, although other accounts of her life might raise a doubt in this matter. To a friend in Ohio she wrote in 1906:

"Your belief that I am a Universalist is as correct as your greater belief in being one yourself, a belief in which all who are privileged to possess it rejoice. In my case, it was a great gift, for, like St. Paul, I 'was born free' and saved the pain of reaching it through years of struggle and doubt. My father was a leader of the church in which Hosea Ballou preached his first dedication sermon. Your historic records will show that the old Huguenot town of Oxford, Massachusetts, erected one of, if not the first Universalist church in America. In that town I was born; in that church I was reared. In all its reconstruction and remodelings I have taken a part and I look anxiously for a time in the near future when the busy world will let me once more become a living part of its people, praising God for the advance in the liberal faith of the religious world of today, so largely due to the teachings of this belief."

These words came from the heart of the great woman whose life we aim not only to hold as a beacon light to young women everywhere as the embodiment of the Universalist faith, of brotherhood, not in mere lip-service, but converted into terms of life. Are they not enough to stir to action every Universalist man, woman and child in our fold, not only to pay the initial cost of purchase and restoration of this house, but to provide that never again shall it be closed against the devotees who come almost daily to its doors from March to late in December? This house is now open for the brief period of two months while summer services are being held at our first altar in the world at Oxford, furnishing a home for our pastor there, Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer.

Over 1200 registered last season, learned of this great woman and the source of her wonderful power, carried away many a printed word of the faith we represent, to study its fundamentals.

The money is coming in well and weekly reports seem to indicate an approach to the actual cost of purchase and restoration. A competent committee stands ready to carry out its well-laid plans, now halted, to maintain and promote the activities of the home closed for eight months past and soon to be closed again unless we arrange otherwise.

Once established we may begin our work in the house at the side of the road where we aim to be a friend to man, to serve humanity as it passes our way.

Here we have an appealing opportunity for service, and the greatest woman of all times as an example. Let us meet it joyously and quickly!

Marietta B. Wilkins.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

A MONTH IN THE PASTORATE

When the traveler approaches Provincetown on the beautiful "Dorothy Bradford," his eye is caught first by the stately and artistic monument to the Pilgrims, but next, in all probability, by the gleaming steeple of the Universalist church. A product of Christopher Wren, this spire is a piece of architecture of which we may well be proud, one which has been drawn or painted by many a famous hand, and one for a sight of which people of taste and knowledge travel hundreds of miles.

Provincetown is a composite community, with at least three elements which are quite distinct in spirit and life, the literary and artistic colony, the Portuguese eighty per cent, and the old Cape Cod remnant. For two hours a day during the summer there is also "the boat crowd," a thousand or more hustling sight-seers, who, like an invading army, throng the twenty-two foot thoroughfare in eager search of what they may devour.

Our parish is made up largely of descendants of the early settlers, its men and women being people of clear ideas and vigorous action. I say "men and women" —alas, there are no children. They of the present generation, however, are a courageous and persistent band, small in numbers but large in intent and effort. In one activity they set an example that may well be noted and followed in many places which have been depleted in numbers and resources. For nine months of each year they maintain weekly services without a pastor. The loyal laymen and lay women give papers, deliver addresses, or read sermons, very much to the pleasure and profit of all who attend. Their work is of a high order and is enjoyed by many members of other churches who slip in to share in the good things.

I have been minister at Provincetown for four week-ends, the longest pastorate I have had in many years. It was delightful once more to stand before "my people" and to visit their homes with the old-time pastoral spirit. I envy Wallace Rose, who every year is the Provincetown parson for a much longer period.

No, I did not reorganize the Sunday school. I did, however, proffer to the "Sunday Evening Meeting Association" all the help that our General Association possibly can render. It seems probable that the services during the winter season will be more and more educational and inspirational, and that those who conduct them will be glad to have a sense of fellowship with our denominational bodies.

Visit picturesque Provincetown if you can. Be sure that when you do you will be thrilled by its spots of beauty and historic association and that you will be delighted with your reception by the warm-hearted descendants of the rugged fisherfolks of the Cape.

The Wayfarer.

Among Our Churches

Southwest Letter

The Kansas Convention will be in annual session at Junction City, Oct. 5-7. Mr. Loring Trott is president and Rev. James Houghton of Junction City secretary. The Missouri Convention will be in session a week later, Oct. 12-14 at either Elmer or Livonia. Rev. B. B. Trout is president and Mrs. Araminta Stacy of Elmer is secretary. * * **Kansas: Junction City.**—Our people here are happy over the arrival of a new member in the pastor's family—Robert Allen Altenbern—the youngest member of the parish. The pastor has, in the few months he has been with us, come to have a large place in the life of the community. He is identified with all movements for social betterment. His sermons are interesting the better informed people of the City. He delivered the union Memorial sermon. This was really a great message and elicited many expressions of commendation. * * **Hutchinson.**—Rev. William Gaskin became pastor here May 1. He and Mrs. Gaskin are happy in their new home and both are enthusiastic over the outlook. On the evening of June 5 the church gave a reception to the pastor and his wife. Among the speakers was Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor of the First Christian Church, who, on behalf of the Ministers' Association, extended a welcome to the new pastor. Already Mr. Gaskin's pulpit work commands the attention and respect of the city, and attendance at the services has increased. Upon its organization in Wichita May 2 Mr. Gaskin was made president of the Southwest Federation of the Religious Liberals. The territory includes Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and adjacent states south and west. The Federation will be in conference in connection with the Kansas Universalist Convention at Junction City in October. The Hutchinson Sunday school has been recently reorganized and is prepared to do more efficient work. Eight members have been added. * * **Missouri: Archie.**—Dr. B. B. Tout, our pastor here, is a member of the State Senate. Here, until quite recently, our church has been denied fellowship with and even recognition by the three sister churches. Now, however, Mr. Tout is invited to participate in all services. A series of evangelistic meetings will be held here in the early autumn. * * **Livonia.**—A splendid gathering of our people took place here July 15. An all-day meeting was held under the beautiful maples in the park. Services were conducted at 11 a. m. and at 2.30 p. m. A special musical program was given by the people of Livonia. A special feature was a number of brief addresses given by laymen preceding the afternoon service. It was a rally day for northern Missouri Universalists, who were present from a number of towns and parishes. * * **Arkansas.**—Splendid work is being done during this mid-summer season in Fouke and in Driggs by Rev. A. M. Shelton of Elgin, Texas, and by Mr. Cook of Little Rock.

James Houghton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor of the church at Elgin, Ill., has accepted a call to the church in Detroit, Mich.

Rev. H. D. Maxwell, who resigned his pastorate at Somerville, Mass., on account of ill health, has recovered fully and is ready for work. His present address is Monmouth, Me. Mr. Maxwell is one of our very efficient men.

Rev. Noble E. McLaughlin of Monroe, Wis., is an attendant at the Third Annual Conference of Ministers at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Over 200 ministers are present, representing the liberal wing of seventeen different denominations. Mr. McLaughlin is the only Universalist.

Georgia

Atlanta.—As many of our church people leave the city during July and August, the end of June marks a slackening of most of the church activities. The Women's Union held its regular meeting June 12. The program was an account by Mrs. Hamilton Douglas of the history and growth of Atlanta, a romantic story heightened by personal reminiscences extending over a period of nearly forty years, which was most interesting and entertaining. At this meeting plans were made for a bridge party, which, when held at Mrs. May's the next week, realized quite a neat sum toward the renovation of the school room. The annual picnic meeting of the Union was held at Mrs. T. B. Fisher's farm July 10. The last meeting of the Men's Club before autumn was held June 27 when Mr. Blake gave his annual chicken dinner to the Club. Always a gala occasion. The men decided to help finance a delegate to the Institute for church workers held in July at Chattanooga and, the money being raised on the spot, Mrs. Kate Strain will go as the delegate. On Children's Day three girls from the Sunday school and two adults were received into church membership. During July vacation services lasting only an hour are being held for those who stay at home.

Maine

Dover-Foxcroft.—Rev. J. F. Thompson, pastor. On St. John's Sunday, June 24, fifty-eight members of the local Masonic Lodge attended the Universalist church. "The tie that binds" was the subject of Mr. Thompson's sermon. After July 15 the church will remain closed until the first Sunday in September. Mr. Thompson expects to spend the summer at Ferry Beach. Children's Sunday was observed July 8, with sermon by the pastor and concert by the Sunday school. Two children were christened.

Massachusetts

North Orange.—Mr. William D. Veazie, a student at Crane Theological School, will be the preacher here during the summer months. In the fall we expect to settle a minister.

Amesbury.—Our pastor, Rev. Charles A. Haney, was married on June 25 to Miss Aldyth L. Barrett of Newtonville, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Haney are summering at a cottage on Lake Attitash near here. Our church has prospered during the past year and we are to-day facing another season with high hope.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, D. D., pastor. The address to the graduating class of Dean Academy was given in Grace Church Sunday evening, June 10, by Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood of Woonsocket. The Dean commencement speaker was Dr. Charles R. Brown of the Yale Divinity School. Dr. Marvin presented the diplomas in behalf of the trustees. June 17 he preached the baccalaureate sermon to the seniors of the local Horace Mann high school in the town hall. During the summer the Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches of Franklin unite with us for the fifth season of union services.

Canton.—Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., pastor. The church has closed for the summer and Dr. Conklin and his family have gone to their camp at Hydeville, Vt. The first eight months of Dr. Conklin's pastorate have been most successful. There has been a real renewal of genuine religious fervor inspired by his spiritual leadership and a substantial material growth which augurs a most prosperous future. On Maundy Thursday twelve united with the church and on Easter Sunday an audience of 150 were present at a most beautiful and impressive service. Seven children were christened on Children's Sunday. The senior young ladies of the Sunday school have continued to fill the choir aided by an occasional vocal or violin soloist. The Ladies' Circle have had a very successful season and as usual have contributed generously to the support of the church. In November their monthly

supper was arranged as a reception to Dr. Conklin and his family. The Sunday school has utilized the services of the minister's family, Dr. Conklin having a class of young ladies and Miss Dorothy a mixed intermediate grade, while Mrs. Conklin assumed most graciously and efficiently the active management of the school during a fourteen weeks absence of the superintendent, besides preparing the concerts and assisting as substitute teacher when needed. The classes have been increased from six to eight, and there will be ten classes this fall. On Children's Day, fifty-eight out of an enrollment of sixty-one were present at the church service preceding the concert by the children. Mrs. Conklin has assumed the leadership of the Junior Clara Barton Guild, which has become a most flourishing order with nineteen members. It has been organized along broad lines and embraces, besides our own girls, both Jews and Catholics.

Michigan

Detroit.—Owing to the resignation of Rev. Chas. F. Patterson the Church of Our Father was without a regular pastor during June. The first Sunday the pulpit was filled by the Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., of Elgin, Ill. An informal reception was held for Dr. Adams at the church house in the afternoon. On the second Sunday Children's Day was observed. Mr. John Hill, an advanced pupil of the Sunday school, conducted the services. On the third Sunday we heard an appeal from Armenia by a native Armenian lecturer. Mr. Leslie Freeman conducted the opening services. On the fourth Sunday was given a musical service of negro "Spirituals," by the concert quartet of the church, under the direction of Mr. Jason Moore. Mrs. Emily Kirkpatrick gave a short explanation of the object and meaning of this service. Previous to the departure of Mr. Patterson and family a reception was given by the parish in their honor. Ministers from other denominations were present and many friends outside the regular parish. A purse of gold was presented to the pastor by Mr. Jarvis Jennings, from the members. A handsome wrist watch had been presented to Mrs. Patterson by Mrs. A. W. Birdsall from the women of the parish at the last meeting of the Mission Circle, of which Mrs. Patterson was the first president. At the farewell service the last Sunday in May, Mr. Leslie Freeman gave the pastor, in behalf of the congregation, a printed testimonial of deep affection, appreciation and good will. Twelve children were dedicated and one new member received. The State Board and the Olinda, Ontario, parish also held meetings in honor of Mr. Patterson and presented gold as a tangible expression of appreciation. Under the auspices of the Detroit Mission Circle Woman's Sunday was observed this year, for the first time, by a service conducted (with the exception of organist) by women only. Mrs. R. M. Folsom conducted the opening service and offered prayer. The address, "A Retrospect and a Prophecy," was given by Mrs. Emily Louise Kirkpatrick. The choir was composed of women's voices and four members of the Mission Circle ushered and collected the offering. There was a large attendance. Besides words of commendation from the congregation, several new members for the Mission Circle and over $21 as their share of the morning offering were received. Mrs. Mary Linton, an active member, entertained the Mission Circle at their annual meeting at a luncheon in the church house in observance of her birthday anniversary. Mrs. Linton had previously presented to the Ladies' Union fifty yards of pure Irish linen for table covers. Mrs. W. L. Snyder, president of the Ladies' Union, and Mrs. A. W. Birdsall, president of the Mission Circle, entertained the women of the parish and friends at a day's outing on Hickory Island, the summer home of Mrs. Snyder, on July 18. The last meeting for the season of the Ladies' Union was held on Belle Isle. A basket luncheon was served. Miss Susan M. Andrews, guest of honor, afterwards gave an interesting address on missionary work in southern states. A special parish meeting was called for the fourth Monday in June to act upon the report of the pulpit supply committee. Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., of Elgin, Ill., was unanimously chosen to succeed Mr. Patterson. The call has been accepted and Dr. Adams will preach in the Church of Our Father on the first Sunday in September.

New Hampshire

Nashua.—Rev. W. H. Morrison, pastor. During the months of July and August union services of the two Congregational churches and the Unitarian and Universalist churches are held. The first two Sundays in July the pastor preached in the Universalist church in Nottingham. During August he will preach in Wilton and North Chesterville, Maine, and in North Sutton and Fremont, N. H. At the Commencement at Westbrook Seminary the pastor gave the baccalaureate sermon. This was his first visit to the Seminary Commencement since he graduated fifty-two years ago. By the will of Mrs. Helen M. Balcam of this city the pastor is given a legacy of $1,000.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The cornerstone of the new church was laid in the afternoon of July 8, with appropriate ceremonies, before an assemblage of several hundred persons, which overflowed the seating accommodations provided and thronged the sidewalks on both sides of the new edifice. Rev. Fred C. Leining presided. The principal speaker was Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson of Worcester. The exercises were opened by the church quartet, which rendered a group of sacred songs. A message was then read from Dr. John Smith Lowe. Mr. Leining spoke briefly, emphasizing particularly the fact that the Church of the Mediator functions as a community church rather than as a strictly denominational institution. He extended a cordial invitation to all to visit the present church or the new building after its completion, at any time. The address of Dr. Tomlinson was in the nature of a history of the Church of the Mediator during the forty years in which he has been familiar with its growth and activities. The laying of the cornerstone followed. Mr. Leining placed the first trowelful of mortar on the stone. Each of the officers and deacons of the church and members of the building committee participated in these exercises. Beneath the stone was placed a sealed copper box containing, among other things, the following: The *Providence Journals* of Friday, July 6, and Saturday, July 7, 1923. The *Outlook* of June 27, 1923. The *Universalist Leader* of June 30, 1923, the *Onward* of June 8, the *Myrtle* of June 30, 1923, a copy of the *Ambassador*, the Mediator Calendar of Saturday, Oct. 1, 1898, which tells of the parish activities of twenty-five years ago, and three copies of the *Crusader*, the parish paper of this era of the Church of the Mediator. At the conclusion of the exercises immediately concerned with the laying of the cornerstone, Rev. H. I. Cushman of East Providence, dean of the Universalist clergy in Rhode Island, offered prayer. Those present joined in singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and benediction, pronounced by Mr. Leining, brought the day's ceremonies to an end. Work on the new church edifice is progressing rapidly. It is the confident hope of the building committee that the structure will be ready for occupany not later than next March.

Vermont

Bellows Falls.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, D. D., pastor. The past year has been one of much material advancement. The legal organization of the society has been perfected and a new constitution adopted. A parsonage has been purchased and fitted up and the minister installed therein. The church building has been repainted and the auditorium redecorated; a new lighting system of special design installed, and a new pipe organ costing $10,000 has been built for the church and set therein. The lights, costing $300, are the gift of the Y. P. C. U., and this society also paid $500 on the organ. The Ladies' Aid has contributed over $1,000 on the organ and repairs to the parsonage. Sunday, July 8, was a memorable day. It was the first of the summer union services in which the Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist churches of the village unite with our church. This service was held in our church and was the occasion of the first

public use of the new organ. A very large audience was in attendance; Mrs. George P. Lovell, organist for more than thirty years, and to whose energy we owe to a large extent the purchase of the new organ, with the surpliced chorus choir she has organized, gave us a rich devotional service of music; the pastor, Dr. Johonnot, preached the sermon; and the pastors of the local Baptist and Congregational churches took part. In the afternoon, at a private service held in the church, seven children were christened. The union service of July 15 will be held in our church, after which it will pass to the other churches and our church will be closed till September.

* *

ANNIVERSARY AT SANGERVILLE, MAINE

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Universalist church at Sangerville, Maine, was observed June 17 with inspiring services. There was a large attendance, including many of those formerly associated with the church who came long distances to be present.

Rev. Randall Hosea Aldrich, the first pastor, during whose pastorate this church and the Guilford church were built, came with Mrs. Aldrich from Minneapolis. Rev. Clarence L. Eaton, a former pastor, came over 100 miles from his Children's Day service in the morning at Yarmouth to speak at the evening service.

The day of the original dedication of the church June 7, 1898, was remembered by several as extremely hot. Rev. Asa Bradley's letter referred humorously to the State Superintendent of that day, Rev. W. W. Hooper, with his wilted collar, vigorously wielding a palm leaf fan. The dedication was attended not only locally but by the members of the State Convention which then was in session at Dover-Foxcroft. The beans for the dedication dinner were "baked in the ground" on the church lawn. On this anniversary the beans were also "baked in the ground" and, needless to say, the supper was creditable to the cooks of Sangerville.

The program began at 2 p. m. with the pastor, Rev. Merrill C. Ward, presiding. Prayer was by Rev. R. H. Aldrich. Greetings were extended by the Methodist pastor, Rev. Gilbert Edgett. Mr. Aldrich preached the sermon on the theme of "Human Worth." Orville Carr, president of the parish, gave the historical address. The pastors of the church have been R. H. Aldrich, Asa M. Bradley, H. E. Rouillard, Hannah J. Powell, H. M. Daniels, C. L. Eaton. The pastorate of M. C. Ward began June 1, 1922. Those who have served periods as regular pulpit supplies are A. Gertrude Earle, R. H. Dix, F. L. Payson, O. F. Alvord, J. J. Martin.

In closing, Mr. Carr said: "It seems only right to express our appreciation to the Ladies' Circle for the great assistance they have given the parish through all of these years. The parish through subscriptions has paid the minister's salary and the Ladies' Circle has assumed practically all other expenses including repairs, music, janitor and fuel; and it is through their efforts and our pastor's that to-day we are celebrating this anniversary." Mrs. C. L. Smith is the present president of the Circle.

Rev. J. F. Thompson brought the greetings of the Dover parish. A letter was read by the pastor from Rev. Asa M. Bradley, who, to the regret of all, was prevented by illness from being present.

All of the former pastors are living and were heard from. There was a telegram from Harry E. Rouillard, and letters from F. L. Payson and Harry M. Daniels and Hannah J. Powell.

At one session thirty-six persons stood up who were present at the dedication of the church twenty-five years ago. At the evening session the pastor conducted the devotions, reading from Heb. 11, and then spoke of the cloud of unseen witnesses of the past, seen in vision with us to-day.

Rev. R. H. Aldrich gave reminiscences of the early days of the church, praising especially the work of Moses Carr and Wentworth Hussey. The erection of this beautiful church was due to their strong wills and steadfast loyalty. Rev. C. L. Eaton spoke eloquently of the faith of the fathers of Universalism in New England and of the builders of this church.

But this was not all or even the best part of the anniversary. Two weeks later the pastor received nine members into the church. Four others are ready to unite at the next communion. At the Easter service four joined in church membership.

Still another happy and impressive service occurred at Guilford. These two parishes of Guilford and Sangerville have been so closely associated that it is difficult to think of them separately. On the same Sunday, twenty-two were received into the fellowship of the church at Guilford.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,311
Detroit, Mich.	1
Guilford, Maine	22
Sangerville, Maine	13
Concord, N. H.	3
Rockport, Mass.	1
Canton, Mass.	12
Westbrook, Maine	4
Clinton, N. C.	2
Mangolia, N. C.	1
Elgin, Tex.	1
Hylton, Tex.	11
Total	1,382

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 565. Portsmouth, N. H., 6. Detroit, Mich., 12. Rockport, Mass., 6. Canton, Mass., 7. Nottingham, N. H., 2. Bellows Falls, Vt., 7. Dover-Foxcroft, Maine 2. Westbrook, Maine, 14. Woodsville, N. H., 8. Total, 629.

* *

FERRY BEACH NEWS

Ferry Beach, including the hotels and tent colony, were ready for service on July 1. We hope that this longer season before and after the Institutes will be justified by an enlarged attendance. Mrs. W. R. Rowland, wife of our president, has consented to take the duties of matron at the Beach for the season of 1923. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, who were so popular last season, will have charge of the tent colony.

Ferry Beach will be open until Sept. 1. Plan to spend your vacation at this beautiful spot.

Write for reservations to Rev. Clinton Scott, Ferry Beach Park, Old Orchard, Maine.

W. R. Thomson.

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THE ASSOCIATION OF THE LARGER HOPE

The Association of the Larger Hope comprises churches at Magnolia, Hopewell, Red Hill, Clinton, Outlaws Bridge and Oak Grove, and some associated preaching stations in North Carolina. The second quarterly session was held at Clinton July 7 and 8. Every church was represented and had children and young people present to take part in the Children's Day service.

The session opened Saturday at 11 a. m. with the occasional sermon by L. P. Jones, "The Open Door for the Universalist Church."

Dinner followed at the parsonage with a good social time and after that the informal discussion of the state of the Church and proposals for its promotion.

Resolutions were adopted recommending a definite effort to be made by each church of the Association to raise a credit-

able amount on support of the local church before the State Convention meets in September, and suggesting, if the local church has no other plan, that arrangements be made for a "Good-Will" dinner to be held on the preaching Sunday and all friends invited and notified of the purpose and a canvassing committee appointed to canvass for this fund and to see at an early date any who may not be able to attend the dinner.

A resolution passed that a committee of one member from each of the local churches be chosen to consider the service rendered by the pastors in relation to the attendance, membership and support, and to formulate a letter to be sent to the president of the W. N. M. A., Mrs. Ethel Allen, to give her a definite expression from the membership of the churches of their attitude in this matter.

At 3 p. m. the Association adjourned from the church to the court-house to hear Mr. Homer Mask give an address on "A Decent Standard of Living for Every One." The Local Cotton Co-operative Organization assembled at this time and as Mr. Mask, who came at our invitation, is the field secretary of the Cotton Co-operative the result was a larger audience and better hearing for this splendid address.

At 8 p. m. in the church Mrs. Martha O. Winstead gave a fine address on "The Good of Our Church" and presented most encouraging reports of the progress of the Mission Circle work in the state.

Mr. Homer Mask followed with an inspiring talk and referred to the great help he received from connection with the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, 10 a. m., Sunday school assembled with visiting delegations and Mr. Mask and Mrs. Winstead gave talks to the adult classes. At 11 communion sermon followed by communion.

In the afternoon, the Children's Day services directed by Mrs. Martha Jones were held.

The pastors received into church membership two in Clinton and one in Magnolia.

The closing sermon was preached by Mr. Jones at 8 p. m.

* *

MURRAY GROVE MEMBERSHIPS

The list of individual members of the Murray Grove Association is growing rapidly, and now comes the report that within the present year two hundred and six church organizations in different parts of the country (some as distant as California) have applied for membership. These are as follows:

Mission Circles	74
Ladies' Aid Societies	29
Y. P. C. U.'s	30
Sunday schools	57
Comrades	6
Other organizations	10

This means that hundreds of people who hitherto may not have known much of the work at Murray Grove will now be interested in it and will have a sense of proprietorship.

* *

Notices

FERRY BEACH FAIR

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Ferry Beach Park Association will hold their annual Fair Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 2 p. m. We earnestly ask the co-operation of all women interested in Ferry Beach. Gifts of salable articles would be much appreciated. Many of the local aid societies in the various churches can aid in this work. The chairman of the Fair committee is Miss Martha J. Marshall, 107 Bridgham St., Providence, R. I. Every dollar received from this fair goes to make a bigger and better Ferry Beach.

Please send all parcels for the Fair directly to Ferry Beach. Parcel post packages should be sent to "The Quillen House, Saco, Maine," and express packages to "The Quillen House, Old Orchard, Me."

Mrs. William R. Thomson,
President Ladies' Aid Society.
35 *Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.*

* *

MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

The following program will reveal that the coming season at Murray Grove is likely to surpass any preceding one in attractiveness and attenance.

Saturday, July 14—Opening.

Sunday, July 15—Preaching service by Rev. Wm. H. McGlauflin, D. D .

Sunday, July 22—Preaching service by Rev. H. M. Cary.

Wednesday, July 25—Lecture by Mr. Roy L. French. Subject, "Contemporary American Poets."

Thursday, Saturday, Monday and Wednesday, July 26, 28 and 30 and August 1, beautifully illustrated travelogues by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Sunday, July 29—Preaching service by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Sunday, Aug. 5—Preaching service by Rev. Roger F. Etz.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Birthday Party.

Sunday, Aug. 12—Preaching service by Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D.

Thursday, Aug. 16—Annual business meeting.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18—Annual fair.

Sunday, Aug. 19—Preaching service by Rev. Maude Lyon Carey.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25—Institute of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Preaching service by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR, 1923

The Annual Fair for the benefit of the Murray Grove Association will be held at Murray Grove August 17 and 18 under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Crowell, Jr., assisted by Miss Hattie E. Miller.

Will you be one to help make $1,000?

Kindly send all donations of money, fancy and useful articles to either member of the committee.

Address until Aug. 1, Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y. After that date to Murray Grove House, Forked River, New Jersey.

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DELOS THOMPSON HOME

The annual meeting at the Delos H. Thompson Home for aged ladies at Waldron, Ind., will be held Aug. 5, 1923. *Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.*

* *

WANTED

Copies of "Gospel Melodies New and Old." Address Miss Clara Magrew, 864 S. Main St., Urbana, O.

FERRY BEACH, MAINE

Season of 1923

Preaching services will be held in the Grove with the following speakers:

Sunday, July 29, a. m. Dr. W. R. Rowland; p. m. Rev. Clinton Scott.

Wednesday, Aug. 1, p. m. Rev. L. G. Williams, Reading, Pa.

Sunday, Aug. 5, a. m. Rev. Eleanor Forbes; p. m. Rev. Elmer Colcord.

Wednesday, Aug. 8, p. m. Dr. Lee McCollester.

Sunday, Aug. 12, a. m. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson; p. m. Rev. Fred Line.

Wednesday, Aug. 15, a. m., to be announced.

Sunday, Aug. 19, a. m. Rev. Ellsworth Reamon; p. m. Y. P. C. U. Leaders.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On July 7 the following transfers were made: Rev. Harold H. Niles to the General Convention, and Rev. Roger F. Etz to the Massachusetts Convention.

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

June 28, 1923, transfer of George F. Morton from Pennsylvania and of Mary Andrews Conner from Missouri accepted this day.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

* *

ALL DAY MEETING IN INDIANA

An all day grove meeting will be held on Sunday, July 29, near Mentone, Ind., on Winona Traction. Rev. W. O. Bodell of Galveston will preach, both morning and afternoon. Special music by high school orchestra.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Sarah J. Ayres

Mrs. Sarah J. Ayres, widow of Samuel J. Ayres, died July 6 at the home of her daughter in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at the age of eighty-two. Funeral services were held on Sunday, Rev. John Sayles officiating.

Sarah Maddock was born in England, and came to this country when she was twelve years old. She married Samuel J. Ayres of New York City, and lived there until after the death of her husband, which occurred ten years ago. She was a loyal Universalist, a member of the Church of the Divine Paternity.

She is survived by two sons and one daughter. One son, Dr. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, is the head of the Universalist Mission in Tokyo, Japan.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

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Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

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THE MONKEY TURNS

The following skit is taken from the *Michigan Christian Advocate:*

An Open Letter from the Apes

The Alpine Internationale, in session at the Island of Somewhere, issues this statement to all interested parties:

Whereas: Continued attempts have been made by the human race to prove relationship with us, and

Whereas: We have given this matter special thought and careful investigation, and

Whereas: Some of our members have been reading the dailies and have considered the stories of murder and divorce and scandal in general and of the House of David in particular, and are not able to connect these things with any of the traditions of our race, and

Whereas: Certain of our company have personally visited Hollywood and were present at some of the functions and have witnessed all the movies, and find it out of harmony with all the records of our past, and

Whereas: We have visited the dance halls and witnessed several of the crowning features, the marathon dances, and are unable to find any parallel with the recorded events of our past, and

Whereas: We have made a survey of the comics and splashes of the Sunday papers and are unable to find anything of that order in our ancient volumes, and

Whereas: We have visited the battlefields of the great war and have heard the stories of carnage and bloodshed which we are loath to believe, as we have never had anything like it among our tribe or anywhere in the jungle, therefore,

Be it Resolved: That we disclaim all charges of kinship and consider it an unprovoked insult to our tribe and nation and not warranted by the evidence, and

Be It Further Resolved: That we ask Mr. Bryan to represent our folk and to present our case before the American people and demand that if that crude and half-baked race has any sense of justice left, not to connect their race with ours, at least not until the scandals of the human race are diminished.

Be It Finally Resolved: That until all talk of their either ascending or descending from us shall entirely cease, we do hereby sever all diplomatic relations with the human race.

Signed for all the Apists,

B. A. Boon.

* *

"Hello, Mose; how long you-all in jail fo'?"

"Three weeks."

"What did you do?"

"Jest killed ma wife."

"An' you-all only got three weeks?"

"Dat's all. Den dey's gwine ter hang me."—*The Lawyer and Banker (New Orleans).*

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